

FILM

NEWS



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NEW ...
BRITISH I



THE MARCH OF TIME

NEW ...
BRITISH EDITION

No. 2—SECOND YEAR.

CRIME SCHOOLS.

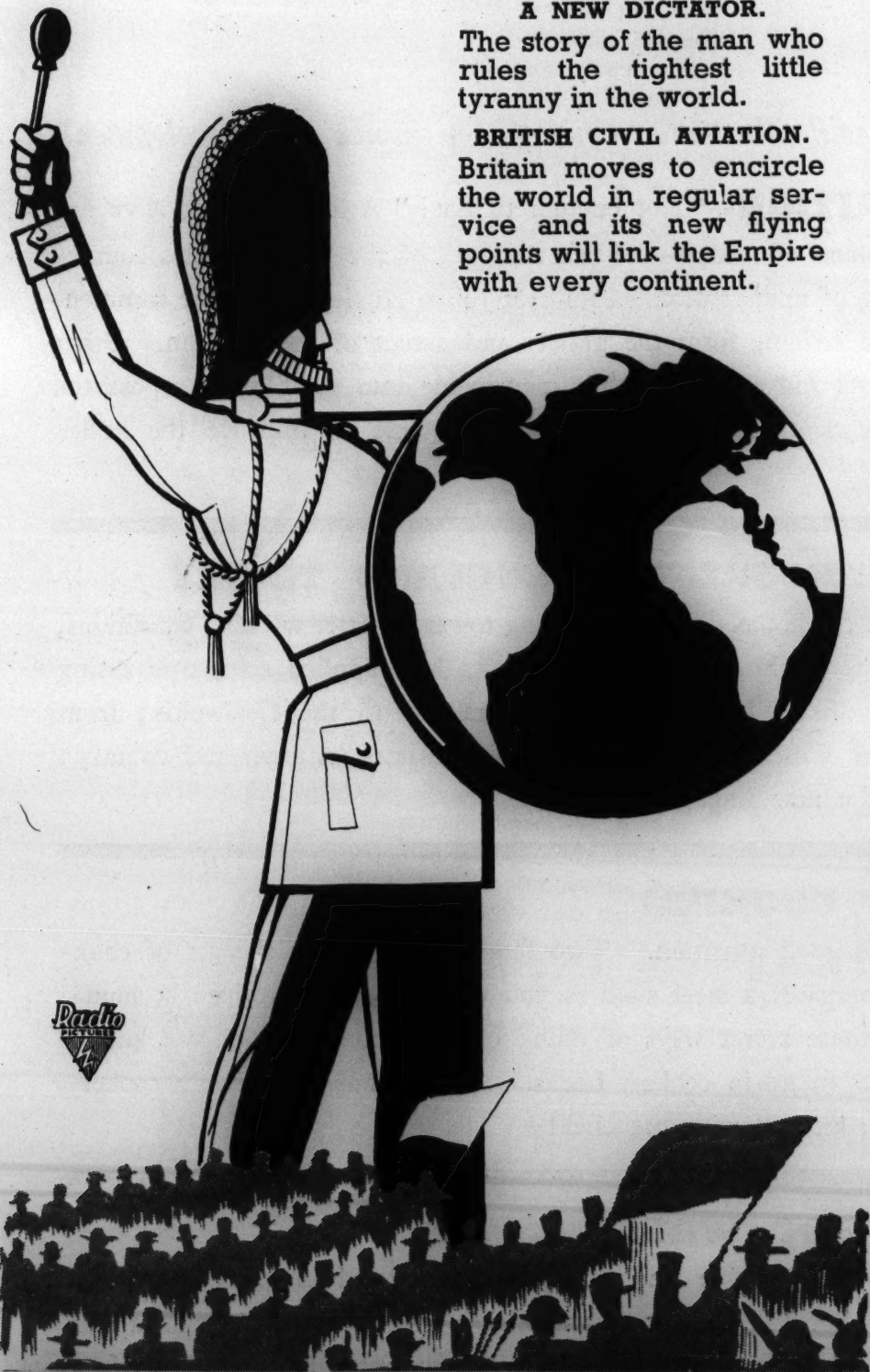
America moves to stamp out the environment that forces Youth to crime.

A NEW DICTATOR.

The story of the man who rules the tightest little tyranny in the world.

BRITISH CIVIL AVIATION.

Britain moves to encircle the world in regular service and its new flying points will link the Empire with every continent.



...TIME MARCHES ON

LIST OF BOOKINGS TO MATURE ON "MARCH OF TIME" SECOND YEAR

For its second year "MARCH OF TIME" has arranged contracts for showing in more than 800 Cinemas. Below is a selection from a list that covers the British Isles and Irish Free State.

CINEMA.	PLACE.	CINEMA.	PLACE.
Plaza...	Regent Street.	West End ...	Wolverhampton.
Paramount ...	Tottenham Court Rd.	Aspley ...	Nottingham.
Forum ...	Southampton.	Odeon ...	Blackheath, Birmingham.
Capitol ...	Cardiff.		
Westover ...	Bournemouth.	Allerton ...	Derby.
Futurist ...	Birmingham.	Cinedrome ...	Plymouth.
Kings ...	Bristol.	Regent ...	Hertford.
Whiteladies ...	Bristol.	Palace ...	Blackpool.
Paramount ...	Manchester.	Synod ...	Edinburgh.
Paramount ...	Liverpool.	Kings ...	Liverpool.
Regal ...	Torquay.	Princes ...	Liverpool.
Paramount ...	Leeds.	Odeon ...	Wimbledon.
Forum ...	Fulham Road.	Orient ...	Ayr.
Forum ...	Ealing.	Monseigneur ...	Edinburgh.
Embassy ...	Harrow.	Alhambra ...	Dunfermline.
Cameo ...	Bear Street.	Gaiety ...	Leith.
Tatler ...	Charing Cross Road.	Cranstone ...	Glasgow.
Tussauds ...	Baker Street.	Palladium ...	Morecambe.
Lido ...	Golders Green.	Deansgate ...	Manchester.
Ritz ...	Edgware.	Majestic ...	Blackburn.
South Cinema	Hackney.	Rivoli ...	Worthing.
Capitol ...	Dublin.	Regal ...	Canterbury.
Grafton ...	Dublin.	Queens ...	Stirling.
Palace ...	Camberwell.	Tivoli ...	Edinburgh.
Savoy ...	Croydon.	Palace ...	Rothsay.
Hippodrome	Croydon.	Picture House	Dumbarton.
Ritz ...	Tunbridge Wells.	Commodore	Liverpool.
Grand ...	Bournemouth.	Cecil ...	Hull.
Regent ...	Norwich.	Rialto ...	York.
Hippodrome	Ipswich.	Dorchester ...	Hull.
Atherley ...	Southampton.	Majestic ...	West Hartlepool.
Broadway ...	Southampton.	Elite ...	Middlesbrough.
Hippodrome	Belfast.	Picture House	Carlisle.
Court ...	Wigan.	Royal ...	Liverpool.
Cinema ...	Euston.	Lyceum ...	Govan.
Picturedrome	Eastbourne.	Playhouse ...	Peebles.
Gaiety ...	Hastings.	Astoria ...	Aberdeen.
Odeon ...	Derby.	Orient ...	Glasgow.
Palace ...	Leicester.	Opera House	Kirkcaldy.
Elite ...	Nottingham.	Rio ...	Rutherglen.
Coliseum ...	Derby.	Regal ...	Dumfries.
Empire ...	Coventry.	Majestic ...	Dundee.
Princes ...	Portsmouth.	Palace ...	Rochdale.
Tivoli ...	Portsmouth.	Savoy ...	Blackburn.
Sphere ...	Tottenham Court Rd.	Dominion ...	Leeds.
Palace ...	Greenock.	Regal ...	Coatbridge.
Royal ...	Wolverhampton.	Playhouse ...	Peterhead.
Central ...	Reading.	La Scala ...	Motherwell.
Kings ...	Leyton.	Plaza... ...	Crewe.
Empire ...	Walthamstow.	Picture House	St. Andrews.
Palace ...	Aldershot.	City ...	Peterboro'.
Theatre de	Gloucester.	Playhouse ...	Inverness.
Luxe		Playhouse ...	Elgin.
Theatre ...	Cambridge.	Central ...	Airdrie.
Odeon ...	Guildford.	Royalty ...	Douglas, I. of M.
Langham ...	Hull.	Empire ...	Carnarvon.
Carlton ...	Hull.	Elite ...	Bradford.
Shaftesbury	Leeds.	Royal ...	Middlesbrough.
Pavilion ...	Chelmsford.	Brittania ...	Dundee.
Albert ...	Swansea.	Pavilion ...	Wick.
Savoy ...	Reading.	Star ...	Sheffield.
Windsor ...	Smethwick.	Alex ...	Paisley.
Savoy ...	Northampton.	West End ...	Paisley.
Curzon ...	Brighton.	Astoria ...	Belfast.
Savoy ...	Nottingham.	Capital ...	Belfast.
Berridge Road	Nottingham.	Broadway ...	Belfast.
Kings ...	Exeter.	Strand ...	Londonderry.
Empire ...	Exeter.	Lyceum ...	Bradford.
Headgate ...	Colchester.	Monseigneur	Piccadilly.
Troxy ...	Brighton.	Monseigneur	Strand.
Fosse Cinema	Leicester.	Coliseum ...	Aberystwyth.

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Mr. THERM

takes pleasure in announcing

4 NEW FILMS

OF SOCIAL IMPORTANCE

These new and unusual films, ready in the Autumn, will illustrate some of the needs and developments of contemporary Britain.

DIET AND NUTRITION—"Not enough to Eat?" A film to bring alive one of the most pressing problems of to-day—the fact that 50% of the people of this country are exposed to the dangers of malnutrition. Professor Julian Huxley speaks the commentary. The film reveals in striking form the gravity and extent of the problem. Other experts, dieticians, scientists and eminent public men, come into the film to expose the facts or to outline the work that can be and is being done to improve the health of the nation.

A REVIEW OF PROGRESS IN ENGLAND TO-DAY

—in industry, housing and the home. We are moving towards better working conditions, healthier and more comfortable homes. The film shows how applied science is easing life for men and women alike. It takes us from Sheffield to the Cotswolds; from Wythenshawe to the Great West Road; it visits housing estates in town and country; it shows the beginning of a new England.

A FILM ABOUT COOKING

This is a big step towards good nutrition. Two famous chefs show the art of cooking simple things. One prepares a meal such as you yourself could produce at home. Another reveals many of those secret ways of doing ordinary things which are known as chefs' tips and are never found in cookery books. And it's not just straight cookery—a humorist gets into the kitchen with the chef!

GETTING INTO HOT WATER

People don't realise just what trouble and annoyance is caused in every household where there is not enough hot water. Mr. Therm makes his first appearance as a star on the screen, and solves all their difficulties with his new water heaters. This is a sensible film about a real problem, but cheerfulness and music keep breaking in.

★ *The Gas Light and Coke Company will gladly arrange a complimentary showing of the programme to any society in its own area which can provide a suitable and reasonably numerous audience, and a hall. In the rest of England, all those interested, should approach their own Gas Undertaking, through whose courtesy it may be possible to arrange a showing.*

THE GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY
HORSEFERRY ROAD, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Victoria 8100

world FILM news

AND TELEVISION PROGRESS
(INCORPORATING CINEMA QUARTERLY)

VOL. I NO. 6

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

SEPTEMBER 1936

PAINTED

THE MOUSTACHE of Harry Tate points with both ends to some of the differences between films and music-halls. It was the reason of his existence on the halls; we never thought of trying to imagine him without it. Yet when he started life anew in a different entertainment, the moustache was left behind with the red on his chief assistant's nose.

It may look as if variety stars had a lot to unlearn before setting foot in a film studio. What good is variety's box of tricks when the "turn" leaves that street on the backcloth where it is always Sunday afternoon, the river where the fish come up to sneeze when snuff is cast on the waters, and the sea where a puff from the sailor on the shore blows out the lighthouse, in order to walk in and out of real shops, fish in real streams and row on real waves?

Grock made a film. In the settings of real life—or settings so much like real life that the audience was supposed not to know the difference—he could not live and move and have his being as a clown. On the other hand, he could not be his plain everyday self. There was a desperate compromise to present him as a half-wit from the country who becomes a great clown, and we did not believe a word of it. Grock of the halls and the ring is the creature of a Silly Symphony, not of the world that can be photographed.

Take Pogo, the pantomime horse. On the halls or at Drury Lane he is our familiar, our beloved friend, a distinct personality no matter how certain it is that at the curtain two men will disgorge out of his hide. Can you translate that personality with its more-than-human virtue created out of vice, its bumptiousness that wins



Grock



Harry Tate

By M. WILLSON DISHER

our lasting affection, into anything at all on the films? When Pogo goes into a picture, he is simply the thing performed by the Griffith Brothers inside. The interest has to be in them. Probably, just before they have to appear before the King, the hind legs will be told by the actress he (in the story) loves, "I'm through."

All these things considered, the marvel is that the music-hall has provided any flesh and blood material for the films. The plain fact that it has should not abate our wonder. The meaning must be, since the technique is so different, that the spirit that has stood up to the "we are not going to be amused" spirit of variety at its worst, finds the conquest of drama, musical comedy, and cinema fairly easy. But the spirit of Gracie Fields cannot be explained as easily as all that; it cannot be explained at all. With the liveliest recollection of Marie Lloyd and other idols of the old days, I still think Gracie Fields is the most astonishing exponent of the art of twisting audiences round a thumb. You hear them on the halls or at the pictures extolling her voice, her appearance, or her humour. I'm willing to join in any chorus of praise that's going. At the end all that matters has still been left unmentioned. Her quick change into a film actress indicates how much of her we label as "personality" and forget to puzzle over. They took a forthright, honest play (*The Likes of Her*), that reflected the modest, sincere soul of its author, Charles McEvoy. It was not at all pleasant, before the event, to think of it being changed into a singie. Bless you, Gracie Fields could justify deeds of greater violence than that. Any author should be proud to let his work serve her in the manner of Raleigh's cloak.

The successes of "variety artistes" on the films are remembered and the failures forgot. There have been failures. More than once I have given the wrong answer by saying "Grand" when a

FACES

comedian has asked me what I thought of him in his first picture. There have been struggles between a star who wanted a good variety show in reels and a director who had started with nothing better in his mind than a compromise.

So far it seems that to use a comedian on the films as he exists on the halls is to misuse him. I am quite prepared to find that declaration disproved before it gets into print, for you can't prophesy about these things. At the moment I am still clinging to Harry Tate's moustache and believing that it is the actor underneath the performer who becomes the film star. Of course the answer to this can be forcibly expressed by the mere mention of the name of Charlie Chaplin. His screen self is the apotheosis of music-hall characterisation: that "Charlie" is as true a clown as the first Joey or the first Arlequin, and like them he has made the world accept him as a living reality—instead of as the *representation* of some living reality which can be observed when we walk abroad away from cinema or stage. Yes, it seems simple. The fact has to be faced, however, that it has not been found possible to translate Grock's music-hall self into a screen self. Nor was it possible to keep Buster Keaton's screen self intact when he was persuaded to talk—he became just another actor who was required to act parts. That wearing of masks or using the face as though it was a mask, which is the most natural thing in the world on the halls, does not fit in with our present conception of the purpose of the film. The painted face requires a painted background.



Chaplin

EDITORIAL

The Price of Freedom

OUR ENQUIRIES reveal that there is a movement on foot to prevent all discussion of public affairs on the screens of the country. The newsreels successfully avoid any reference to the issues of the day, and when the "March of Time" deals with the League of Nations in editorial terms not dissimilar from those of the "Spectator," the Censor is quick to emasculate its description. The British studio film is so inhibited by censorship fears that it travels every path but the path of daily reality and romanticises every private life but our own.

The policy of a sterilised screen runs counter to the accepted principles of our English democracy. It has come this week to our ears, for example, that "the less we hear and see of India, the better . . . because there is trouble out there." On this principle, everyone who would use the screen for the service of his generation is denied the primary right of expression. The free citizen is denied information on matters which concern him, and opinion on matters of State is discouraged. The screen is handed over to an abject service of the "status quo."

Everyone of liberal spirit must object to this situation. Cinema is a medium in which the besetting problems of our time may be brought to the imagination. To prevent its healthy use and, at the same time, to encourage the enervating romanticism of the average film, represents a pathetic breach of public responsibility.

We ask all people of liberal and progressive views to take account of this situation and use every opportunity of press and platform to relieve it. Freedom of speech in this great medium is sorely in danger.

Training for Radio

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a B.B.C. college has promoted varying criticisms. The analogy of the Police College has occurred to many. Left opinion regards it as a school for young Fascists, where B.B.C. tyros will have to dress by the marker and extend the thumb by the seam of their trousers before they are permitted entry to the larger opportunities of Broadcasting House. Right opinion might be expected to welcome such a conception, but no. The B.B.C. college suggests to them that the yellow buttons of its mandarin system will be yellower still.

We believe that these criticisms indicate a real danger which must be guarded against, but that the college idea is none the less a sound one. It is a notorious fact that in the film business there is no machinery for training young men in the viewpoints of the industry and in the special skill which the industry requires. The present catch-as-catch-can method of entry blunts the sensibilities of the beginner before he has half begun and destroys a great deal of good human material. The B.B.C. college has, therefore, a special right to our sympathy. There young B.B.C. men may learn their art and even experiment in their art outside the stress of daily programmes. There, too, they may come, in detachment, to realise the B.B.C.'s problems in education, the social services, entertainment and art.

But the warnings from left and right stand. Dis-

cussion at the college must be free, and the system of instruction should keep contact with outside views. The B.B.C. has a juvenile way of getting rid of its irritants, as a recent dismissal from its Talks staff may testify. It will be not the least merit of the College if it teaches the B.B.C. patience in the face of ardour and initiative.

The "People of England"

HOLLYWOOD has evolved a whole class of films which has no parallel in England—films which tell stories, plain or coloured, of ordinary working people. A high proportion of the American product, love stories or crook dramas, comedies, farces or melodramas, are played out with truck drivers and clerks, cops and garage hands, shop girls and paid helps as protagonists. The English film, when it can drag itself away from Plymouth Hoe and Hampton Court and Malplaquet, and when it can forget 1588 and 1815, things to come, and all that, totters only as far as Piccadilly or St. James's, or country houses with forty bedrooms situated in what always looks like Hampshire. Butlers and parlourmaids are necessary evils, but heroes look like thousand a year and heroines like speech day at Roedean. Working people, when presented at all, are presented only as figures of fun by kind permission of Mr. Gordon Harker or Mr. Sydney Howard. Will Fyfe is to be a Lancashire man in "Cotton Queen," perpetuating the film tradition that the North of England is inhabited solely by music-hall comedians.

Whatever the reason, "we are the people of England, and we have not spoken yet," is as true of the cinema as of Chesterton's view of English history.

world FILM news

SEPTEMBER 1936

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THE FILM COUNCIL

THE ANALYSIS of the Censorship which appeared last month in *World Film News* represents the first work of a new group called FILM COUNCIL. The Film Council informs us that, in spite of its solid name, it has no membership to speak of, no office and no plans for the resurrection of anybody. It is, in fact, a research group which proposes to study various aspects of the film industry and, from time to time, publish its findings. It will keep a specially watchful eye on what it describes as "anti-social and subversive elements," and one research which will have its early attention is the finance behind cinema.

The Council will make its own analysis of the evidence laid before the Moyne Committee, and a survey will be made of the spread of the non-theatrical film in the United States and Great Britain. The political affiliations of the newsreels, the Home Office assault on sub-standard shows and the war of the combines against independent exhibitors and producers are other matters of public importance which are down for enquiry.

By informing the public of what is best and by ruthlessly exposing what is worst, this fact-finding committee must certainly improve the

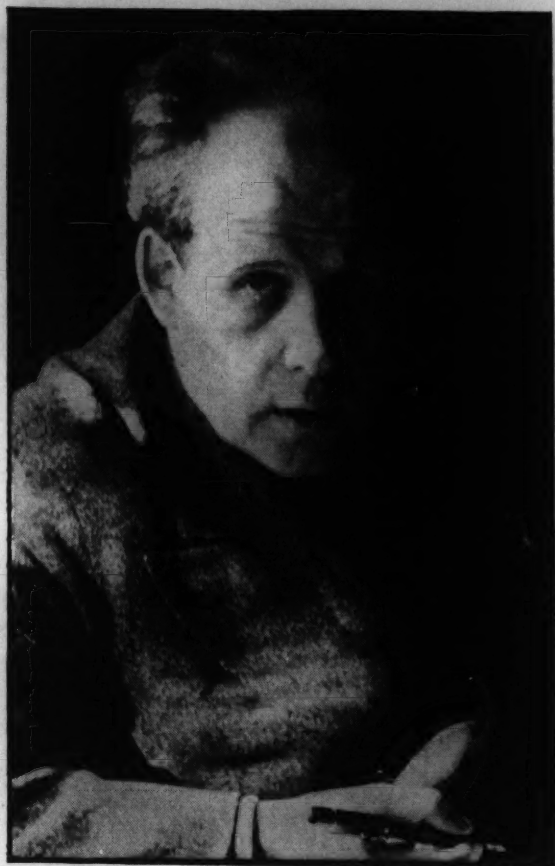
public relations of the film industry. We, in fact, believe it to be, in disguise, the public relations department for which Wardour Street has so long been looking. We therefore welcome it and hope from time to time to have the honour of publishing its discoveries.

The Secretary of the Film Council is Mr. Stuart Legg, who should be addressed c/o *World Film News*, Oxford House, Oxford Street. He asks us to state that membership involves work and is by nomination only. Associate membership is, however, open to writers, lecturers and makers of films, who will have full access to the material turned up by the working committee. A central fund which will permit the continued employment of research men is open to subscriptions, which should be paid to Mr. Legg.

World Film News is pleased to announce that it has itself paid a first subscription of 50 guineas. Here, we say, is a valuable undertaking which it is in the public interest to encourage. There are many things about the film business we should like to know, obscure and, we suspect, well worth bringing into the light of day. We are glad to help any organisation which will undertake the difficult and tedious labour of investigation.

THERE IS RAGE IN RUSSIA

By **EISENSTEIN**
AND **PUDOVKIN**



S. M. Eisenstein

At the request and on behalf of Comrades Shub and Kaufman, as well as on our own personal behalf, we desire to convey to your magazine our profound indignation occasioned by the outburst of Mr. Meyerowitz respecting the Soviet Cinema. Distortion of facts (such a "trifle," for example, as the statement that the film *We of Kronstadt* was directed by Comrade Vishnevski), distortion of our statements about the Soviet Cinema and Soviet films, and a derisive attitude to the exceedingly complex inner creative processes now taking place in our cinematography—these are Mr. Meyerowitz' return for the friendly reception accorded to him on the basis of letters of introduction from comrades known to us by their frequent

visits to the Soviet Union and contributions to magazines of progressive tendency. The crowning and most venomous insinuation is the sentence which he attributes to Comrade Kaufman: "It is quite good that outsiders come from time to time to the U.S.S.R., because they may help to clarify the minds of those who are trying unsuccessfully to impose theories on artists and their productions." A man must not only be obtuse, incapable of understanding the tremendous processes going on in our country, but also completely ignorant of and insensitive to what is indeed the very breath of life and creation to our Soviet artists, in order to be able to put into their mouths such rubbish!

Mr. Meyerowitz typifies that most worthless of Western intellectuals who pours out "crocodile tears" on behalf of the "oppressed Soviet artist."

THE REPLY

Eisenstein and Pudovkin's reply to my article in "W.F.N." does not deal with my criticism. I thank you for letting me see it, but I have nothing to reply.

H. V. MEYEROWITZ



V. I. Pudovkin

This is a tune familiar to us already for many years past, and one which never fails to secure for a literary effort an attention its own merits might otherwise miss. Our Soviet cinema never has concealed nor does it conceal its mistakes, and its difficulties in creating socialist cinematography have no more been whitewashed than the difficulties that confront our efforts to build socialist society as a whole have in any way been whitewashed. But just as our society is emerging, so our cinematography and our art as a whole are growing and emerging from the depths of the people's creative strength, under the guidance, which alone makes it possible, of the Party and its great chief, Comrade Stalin.

It is this guidance that feeds our creative work

and leads us to new victories. The purifying storm of the struggle against both Naturalism and Formalism has been the occasion and is being the occasion of numberless pronouncements by our creative artists. These pronouncements outline perfectly clearly what forms the life, the flame, the inspiration of the revolutionary Soviet artist. And no amount of irresponsible twisting of 'quotations' on the part of Mr. Meyerowitz, copiously hidden beneath 'crocodile tears' on behalf of 'oppressed artists' and objectively serving the nefarious purposes of Fascism, can possibly distort that general line of collective creative work directed towards Socialist Realism by which we live and create.

Meetings and Acquaintances

LUDWIG KOCH, pioneer of cultural gramophone records in Germany, is planning a Sound Institute and offering the idea to the B.B.C. In Germany, Koch made brilliant recordings of birds and animals and the characteristic sounds and dialects of different cities available for study. His plan for a Sound Institute is warmly welcomed by C. K. (Basic) Ogden, Head of the Orthological Institute and by Julian Huxley, Secretary of the Zoological Society. He will have the backing of everyone interested in sound recording for scientific and experimental purpose. The danger is that the idea will be taken up by some such organisation as the Rockefeller Foundation and that the archives of English dialect and folk-lore will pass to America. It is obviously a matter of national importance and B.B.C. prestige that the already valuable gramophone library at Broadcasting House should become also a national repository and study centre. The idea is recommended to Sir Stephen Tallents. This new section of the gramophone department, though not expensive, would maintain valuable

contacts for the B.B.C. with educational and scientific workers and with students of nature all over the country.

GABRIEL PASCAL (né Lehöl), Hungarian, about forty-five, once an actor in Vienna, is now promoting in England. Began in films as an exporter from Germany, but later promoted with Richard Oswald and Fritz Lang the sound version of *The Testament of Dr. Mabuse* and with Pabst, *The Beggar's Opera*. He was also the promoter of the Lighthouse film, which Czinner and Pola Negri made in England in the last days of the silents, but, when sound came, got out in time. He is now connected with Greenhill, of Olympic Laboratories, and tied up with Paramount for Quota pictures. He has acquired the rights of Shaw's *Pygmalion* and *The Millionairess*, and hopes to do *Pygmalion* by the end of the year. A mixture of cleverness and swashbuckling, with a streak of fancy, Pascal is obviously capable of good things.

The **MARSCHAK BROTHERS** are co-operating in the production of a children's operetta based on the Weather Chapter in Ilin's *Men and Mountains*. The elder Marschak is Russia's No. 1 writer for children and was educated at London University. Marschak the younger is none other than Ilin himself, engineer by trade and author of the dramatised simplifications of Russian economy which began with the classic *Moscow Has a Plan*. The fame of Marschak may be greater in Russia but there is no question as to the influence of Ilin in other countries. *Moscow Has a Plan* has set a standard in modern simplification which has affected technical books in both Britain and the U.S. Arthur Elton's brilliant little analyses of the Fluid Flywheel and Epicyclic Gears, and the new *March of Time* series of Longmans Green—*How Aeroplanes Fly*, *Motor-cars*, etc.—are based directly and deliberately on the Ilin method, which is to reduce the most difficult economic and technical terms to simple visual images. In this sort of work the film mind scores.

TRAVEL INTEREST CARTOONS NEWS

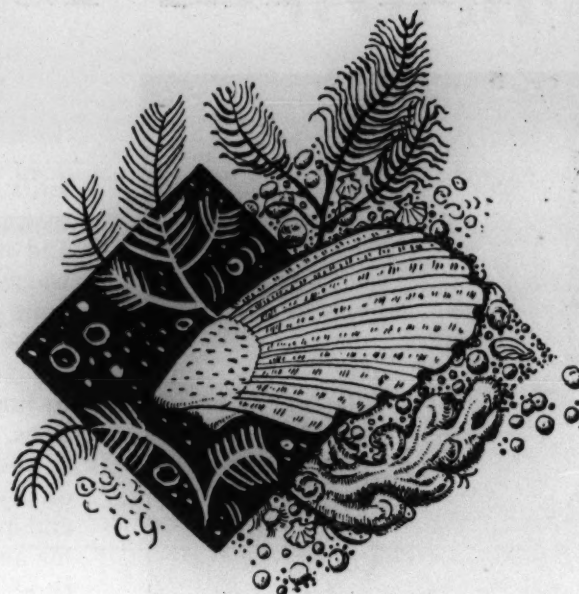
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Queer Diet
Gaumont-British Magazine

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14th September for 3 days
Animal Crackers

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Duck Soup

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Headache for Historians

"Mary of Scotland" reviewed by Forsyth Hardy

As Scotsmen can be trusted to have very definite views about the presentation of their own country's history, *W.F.N.* has obtained the following review of *Mary of Scotland* from a Scottish film critic, Forsyth Hardy of *The Scotsman*.

After *Pasteur* and, to a lesser extent, *Rhodes*, *Mary of Scotland* is an unfortunate throw-back in screen biography. True, it does not go as far back as *Henry VIII* and give us *The Loves of Mary Stuart*; and a slim extenuating circumstance is the controversy enwrapping the true facts of Mary's life. But enough was known accurately to produce a more authentic picture than this, if that had been the intention. Instead of a studied and sympathetic biography, there is a determined effort to distort the relationship between Mary and Bothwell into a more or less conventional screen romance: seldom did the star system more surely emaciate drama.



Katharine Hepburn as Mary Stuart

Whenever Bothwell appears, marching at the head of the kilted pipers and men of "the Bothwell clan" into the court before Holyrood, it becomes apparent that this is not to be the life of Mary Queen of Scots, but a Hollywoodian love story, an elaborately costumed version of "the boy and the girl and who-gets-who." Throughout the film the relation between the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell is wildly out of historical focus. For example, Mary's resistance at the trial preceding her execution breaks down entirely when she learns that Bothwell is dead, although in fact she had been divorced from and had lost interest in him some years previously. Pre-occupation with this largely fictitious romance makes the final execution scene almost grotesque: as Mary mounts to the scaffold in her ears is "the ghostly skirling of the bag-pipes playing the war-song of the Bothwell clan!"

If the film can be considered as a serious reading of the character of Mary Stuart, then it shows

us a fascinating, sexually cold, mainly innocent, proud and deeply religious woman, and ignores all that may be set against this conception. Mary's first action on landing at Leith is to kneel and pray, she pleads with John Knox for tolerance, and, in the execution scene, the emphasis is on her martyrdom in the cause of Catholicism. There is no suggestion of a wanton Queen: Chastelard is not here; Rizzio appears only as a friend who is loyal till death; and her marriage to Darnley is represented as a political move. Mary is shown as determined to secure Stuart succession to the English throne and the conflict between herself and Elizabeth plays a prominent part in the theme.

The character of the film was probably predetermined by the scenario—prepared by Dudley Nichols from the play by Maxwell Anderson—and the opportunities of players and director were limited. Katharine Hepburn does well enough to suggest that with more intelligent material and firmer direction, she might have made something of Mary. Fredric March is not to blame for the boisterously heroic Bothwell and he does make his fictional character live. The most vivid and compelling characterisations are those of Moroni Olsen as John Knox and John Garradine as Rizzio. After *The Informer*, the inconsistencies of John Ford's directions are puzzling. Dramatic unity is lacking, but the construction of separate scenes shows a sense of film craftsmanship, and the camera-work is alert and imaginative.

Mary of Scotland will give the historians headaches, create confusion for the school teachers and make the critical smile. It may even compel Scotland to film its own history.

Frank Capra



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Capra is one of that select band of directors whose names stand for something to the man in the street. His hall-mark is unmistakable. His films are always witty, never harsh—sentimental, but not slushy—funny, but not farcical—and always extremely human. He gets more out of his cast than most, is a master of timing, tends to be wilful in his continuity, and generally behaves like a naughty boy with an expensive toy. He has probably never made an unsuccessful film. One day he may achieve a masterpiece.

Robeson Achieves Dignity

After *Sanders of the River*, Robeson was said to have more than mixed feelings about the role he played in the film. Robeson was not the only one. The triteness of the theme, the uninspired photography, the inferior direction and the obvious fact that the technical advisers were out of touch with the outlook and psychology of the African Negro—all these helped to reduce the status of Robeson in the eyes of intelligent cinemagoers.

Showboat of 1936 did little to alter the opinion. Here Robeson appeared in a musical comedy,



Robeson in "Song of Freedom"

once more as a menial, as a Southern darkie. The dignity which a man of his attainments should have brought to a picture was lacking; he added one more role in the host of films perpetuating the idea that the Negro is a happy, ignorant, loyal servant.

Song of Freedom is different. For the first time we have a story which neither idealises nor condescends. It is the simple story of a negro stevedore, who utilises the money which he earns, by means of singing, to bring "civilisation" to his people in West Africa. How he finds his people, how he proves to them that he is the true descendant of their king are all part of the story.

The description of this discovery of his voice is a happy relief from the American films dealing with similar situations. The delineation of his easy, pleasant unselfconscious relationships with white people is rare in pictures featuring Negroes. Of this picture, Robeson need not be ashamed. Knowing its thematic limitations, it would be cavilling on our part to draw attention to the implications; to the naïveté of the actions of so-called raw African Negroes; to the failure to show them as they really are—simple, dignified and honest. A true picture in all these respects is a Utopian wish, at this stage.

One last word. Never has the full richness and beauty of Robeson's voice been recorded as well as in *Song of Freedom*. To hear Robeson's singing is well worth the price of a ticket. Technically the picture is good. The exteriors shot in Sierra Leone are a welcome relief from the usual synthetic studio sets which we have come to associate with films dealing with the African Negro.

Robin Carruthers and T. A. Glover were responsible for the greater part of the African exteriors, shot on an isolated and semi-savage island on the coast. The film is a Hammer production, released by British Lion and directed by J. Elder Wills. Studio camera work was in the hands of Eric Cross and Harry Rose.

SHERN

CONNELLY'S "GREEN PASTURES"

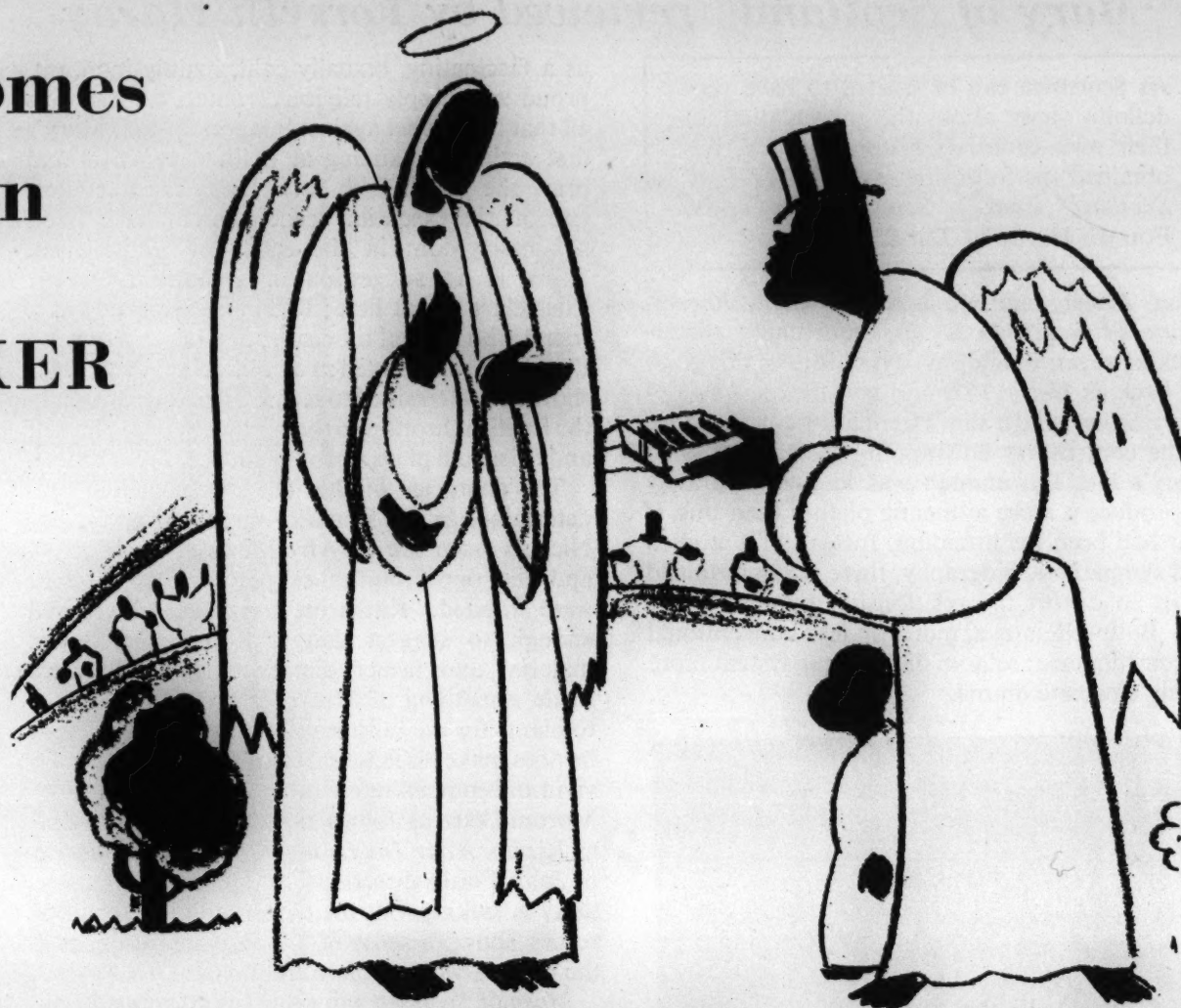
"De Lawd" comes
to the screen

By FELIX BARKER

FOR OVER A MONTH the largest cinema in the world has been showing a film which, because of its religious theme, is destined, if shown in this country, to cause a great deal of thought. Alone of any film showing in New York at this season, *The Green Pastures* seems able to draw full houses, so that the Radio City Music Hall is filled to capacity for every performance.

When I left New York a fortnight ago it was nearly impossible to get a seat for this remarkable film. The phenomenon is understandable. Probably never before in the history of the cinema has a film with such a tremendous and difficult theme been attempted. For *The Green Pastures* depicts, without ostentation or self-consciousness, Heaven, the Lord, and various stories of the Old Testament as seen through the eyes of the Southern Negro of the United States.

Producers have always fought shy of religious subjects for censorship reasons. But it was inevitable that such a work as Marc Connelly's now famous play—it has been seen by two million people during its run of five years in



"Ten cent seegar, Lawd?"

over two hundred cities in America—must eventually be given to the even wider audience of the cinema. A few months ago Warner Brothers decided the English censorship might

make an exception for so fine a work and arranged for a screen version. They surrendered all the production to the author who, though he knew nothing of film work, could alone insure against the sincerity of the original conception being lost.

At Warner House last week there was still hope of the censor's co-operation. The red slip which is the censor's symbol of rejection has not yet been received, so that there is a chance that Lord Tyrrell has appreciated the importance of the film, considers that the sincerity outweighs the religious implication, and will give it a certificate even if it is a precedent in film censorship.

The film is in the form of a "flash back," with a prologue and epilogue set in New Orleans in a Sunday school for Negro children. From this one first senses the naïve quality that is to predominate. Here the preacher is reading from an early chapter in Genesis and is trying to infuse interest into his pupils. From time to time he interposes an explanation or tries to combine the difficult tasks of reducing the stories to terms the children will understand and yet lift them above the usual childish conception. The prologue dissolves into the Negro idea of Heaven and their conception of the action of the stories. Their knowledge is limited and their imagination never transcends the familiar so that what we see is fundamental, immature, and completely without affectation. For this reason the producer has been careful to keep the staging simple and Heaven is not an elaborate set of artificial magnificence.

Always we can feel in the realisation the limited imagination of the Negro struggling (but



"De Lawd"—with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob

never fully succeeding) to understand the stories and to form a mental picture of what he hears. That picture is always in the terms of the familiar. The Lord is a sort of kindly old Negro parson. Heaven, which in parts has the same architecture as the French quarter of New Orleans, is a place of eternal holidays and fish fry picnics. The Lord's "office" has the atmosphere of a Negro lawyer's office with roll top desk and cuspidor. The Garden of Eden is plentifully supplied with Louisiana flowers. Later the iniquitous palace at Babylon has the resemblance of a Negro night club in New Orleans.

The thread of the story concerns the creating of the World and "de Lawd's" dissatisfaction with it when He sees the sinning of the Children of Israel. From the incident of the stolen apple in Eden, the murder of Abel, the irreverence of Seth's great grand-daughter on the Sabbath, gamblers playing crap (a game of dice), and later the degeneration of the chosen people in Captivity, "de Lawd" slowly understands that only by suffering Himself and by giving His own son can the world ever become good.

The cast is, of course, entirely Negro and the stories are acted beautifully and humbly. Few could find fault with the portrayal of the Lord by Rex Ingram, whose every feature is of purity and benign goodness.

In New York I only had a chance of watching the reactions of two audiences to the film but both their receptions were sensitive and showed admirable understanding. There was no self-conscious or embarrassed sniggering, as might have been feared, at such scenes as "de Lawd's" acceptance of a "ten cent seegar" or Gabriel's discussion of the moulting of the angel's wings. I remember only one outburst of laughter—this at a particular line—but it was spontaneous and subdued, such as might greet a joke from the pulpit. The reverential hush that fell over the audience of six thousand when



God: "Didn't de ol' lady light into you?"

Noah (apologetically): "She was kinda restless"

Gabriel, lifting his hand, announces the first appearance of the Lord with "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!" was extraordinary.

Connelly's 'Fable' has a power which is difficult to analyse but one can see above everything sincerity and it is this quality which, if it is banned, will make censorship seem hard and unsympathetic to genuine artistic purpose. The measure of beauty which the film brings to the public consciousness ought certainly to outweigh ordinary rule and precedent.



The Court of old King Pharaoh

Pharaoh (genially): "Dey killed all of 'em, huh?"

Meetings and Acquaintances

JIMMY WONG HOWE. How did he find that name? Well he left China at the age of five for America, and was raised as the Americans say by Irish folk. After graduating from high school he went to California to become an aviator, instead he met a friend who had drifted into the movie business. He was encouraged to get hold of a camera and become a still photographer, and his chance came when he took a picture of Mary Miles Minter and made her look like an angel. That was sixteen years ago. As a result he became her cameraman, and having got his break he shivered and shook in his shoes and was ready to bolt off the set. Since then he has been cameraman on half the big Hollywood pictures, including *Viva Villa*, *Whipsaw* and *The Thin Man*.

Once Jimmy Wong now Howe went home to China and found he couldn't talk to his father because he had forgotten Chinese. The children in the streets ran away from him. "I was a stranger in my own land," said Jimmy, thoughtfully. Nevertheless, some day he hopes to make a real Chinese picture.

Howe finds himself settling down quite comfortably as Pommer's cameraman-in-chief on *Fire over England*. He has a pungent remark to make about colour films. "It is a pity that colour is concentrated in the hands of chemists and business men."

JOHN COLLIER, in from Hollywood, is the author of that brilliant and curious novel *His Monkey Wife*. He is young, bright of eye and in love with success. He reports the completion of a script for Metro-Goldwyn describing the stalwart virtues of our London policemen. Laughton may star. His present work is at Denham with Korda on *Taras Bulba*, which rises like the phoenix from its own ashes at least once a month.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the celebrated explorer of the Arctic, when introduced to a film director asks cynically, "What proportion do you fake?" In the rarefied setting of a West End Club he demonstrates vigorously the seal hunting methods of the Eskimo and harks back to *Nanook*. As he says, he should know, for he has lived Eskimo for long stretches in the Arctic. How, he says of the Schoedsack-Cooper *Grass*, did the animals manage to go for so long without food? And why do the Aran Islanders wait for stormy weather before they put to sea? Stefansson was born in Manitoba and comes of Icelandic parents. He is meticulous in the details of his description and a harsh critic of others' inaccuracies.

SINCLAIR HILL'S career goes back to the days before the war, when he did odd jobs round Italian studios in Turin. After the war, he joined the old Stoll organisation as a scenarist and later became a director with the same firm. Since then he has worked for Gainsborough and Gaumont-British, and has directed nearly 80 British pictures, silent and talkie. With Harcourt Templeman he has now formed an independent producing company, and they are now working on a British racing film entitled *Take a Chance*.

Boris Karloff and Screen Wage-Slaves

By A. FORBES

Boris Karloff tells me a thrilling story of the birth and growth of the Screen Actors' Guild. We are sitting in a peaceful English garden on a hot July day, far from the studio and arc lights. The sun warms Mr. Karloff to his theme, though I suspect he really needs no such warming. It is evidently a subject very dear to him. He began:

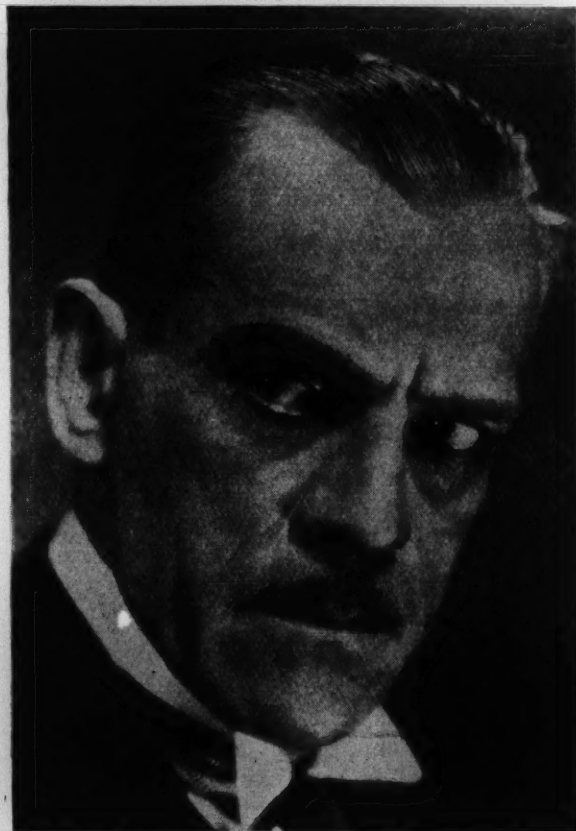
"I had just returned from England in 1933 and was taking the floor at the Cricket Club dinner-dance when Kenneth Thomson tapped me on the shoulder—

"'Would you support an autonomous actors' organisation in Hollywood?"

"'Would I not!"

"'Then come to my house on Wednesday evening; but don't spill the beans.'

"Wednesday evening saw a few cars parked unobtrusively down the street from Thomson's house. This was a desperate intrigue and we felt we must cover our traces. Eight of us were there—Ralph



Morgan, Frank's brother; the two Gleasons; Charles King; Noel Madison and Thomson and myself. An attorney made the eighth. We decided unanimously to go on with the idea and work

Screen actors and actresses are workers. This fact is hard to realise when hearing of the huge salaries some of the stars carry. But not even the brightest planets dare be unprotected and risk oblivion when their fire dies down. Here is the inside story of the beginning of the Screen Actors' Guild of Hollywood, and the way it has been built up into a powerful Trades Union organisation.

out a proper organisation and constitution. . . .

"We met again in a few weeks' time, each bringing someone else who was seriously interested and to be trusted with the secret. Gradually the membership grew to about thirty in a couple of months; but still there were no big stars to give us a show-window and stronger bargaining power. Good old Aubrey Smith was the first actor to join who had much of a reputation then. We were quite small fry at that time.

"Cagney was the first whale to swim along. He nibbled and showed interest, but refused to be netted and would sign no pledges. By this time we'd worked out the details of membership thoroughly. The Guild was to safeguard proper conditions of work; to overlook contracts; give the free-lance actor more security; and to protect both actors and producers from being badly let down. Membership would be for life, and neither Closed nor Open Shop would do; only Guild Shop—open at one end to new members. No organisation is stronger than its weak members . . . we knew that only too well, so tried to devise means whereby members should be bound to the Guild in spite of pressure and temptations. But we were still far too weak to enforce anything of the kind. . . .

"Then N.R.A. started, and, acting in the interests of the producers, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made demands to Washington which, if agreed to, would reduce the wretched actors to servitude. It had overreached itself, however, and signed its death warrant from our point of view. The actors' branch in indignation held a full meeting and sent a telegram to their representative in Washington urging several important points. The Academy somehow managed to garble this wire, adding four words which completely changed its meaning. Furiously the actors demanded a new instru-

ment with which to protect their interests. This we had all ready in the Guild organisation. All the old directors hurriedly resigned to give a clean deck to the new régime.

"People were interested, but wary. Groucho Marx and Charles Butterworth were our first big catches. But they nearly reduced us to despair at their first meeting—back-chat, wisecracks, faces—you can imagine Groucho! . . . they were irrepressible". . . . He laughed.

"I can imagine Groucho killing anything serious flat on the spot!"

"Yes," said Karloff, swatting a mosquito, "he nearly did! But to our relief the comedians were in earnest about the Guild after all, and joined that evening. Not only that, but they sent telegrams to about 80 important people and called a meeting at Frank Morgan's house in a few days' time. At this meeting they all resigned from the Academy, feeling no longer safe under its auspices.

"Then came our big moment of suspense. A second meeting was called at Frank's house, at which none of us of the old group were to be present. We were to wait half a mile away down the road at Kenneth Thomson's until we were called for to hear if our plans were accepted or not. At last, after two interminable hours, the call came and we trooped up the road wondering what the fate of our child would be.

"Thumbs up. We were welcomed like the visiting firemen! Our schemes were acceptable, and at a big meeting at the El Capitaine Theatre a week later between 5,000 and 6,000 people were enrolled, among them many of the biggest stars. . . .

"Since then we've never looked back. N.R.A. supported us and we soon affiliated with Equity of New York. Talk about needing a shop-window of big names! Listen to our present executive list:—President, Robert Montgomery; 1st Vice-president, James Cagney; 2nd Vice-president, Claudette Colbert; 3rd Vice-president, Chester Morris; Secretary, Kenneth Thomson; Assistant Secretary, Boris Karloff; Treasurer, Noel Madison; . . . and among the Directors are Joan Crawford, Frank Morgan, Pat O'Brien, Ed. G. Robinson and Walter Connolly."

LOCO-MOVIES

Thirty-five thousand patrons in one year is the L.N.E.R.'s record for cinema shows in trains. Their theatre is a converted luggage van and it runs on the King's Cross to Edinburgh route. The venture has proved so popular that for the past few months a second cinema van has been operating on the Leeds to Edinburgh train. The original "van" contains 44 seats and there are six performances daily. The price for admission is one shilling and the number of patrons per day is about one hundred.

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JUDY—with a Punch

By DENIS MYERS

DO YOU like Silly Symphonies? Here's one—starring red-headed Judy Kelly—impressionable interviewer—comedy teams of directors, British and French—clatter of teacups—echoes of Paris melodies—a near-murder—and a prediction.

Silly Symphony—maybe, but there's often a revealing truth hidden in the antics of the screen cartoonist's characters.

"I'm sorry," said the British casting director, "you're too much the charming young girl. I want a murderess."

Red-haired Judy Kelly's eyes flashed.

"Wait," she said, "I have committed a murder. I killed my husband. I took the knife like this and . . ." (with deadly intensity) ". . . I killed him . . . like this."

She nearly killed the casting director, too, but she got the job.

Judy told me this story, re-enacting for a moment the wronged wife, in the sitting-room of her sixth-floor flat.



Only a "baby" star as yet, and apt to be used more decoratively than dramatically, Judy is too much an actress to be able to talk of anything without giving you the actual atmosphere of it.

When she spoke of her homeland there was Australian arrogance in her tones, when she told me of her work in France the ghost of a Parisian accent rippled over the silken voice, when she chatted about British film-land she was just a typical English girl.

But Judy doesn't want to be a "typical English girl" any more, nor a dyed-in-the-wool vamp.

She wants, like all ambitious young actresses, a real part. And when she gets it, Britain is going to wonder why she wasn't given it before.

Because Judy is, I think, going to startle film-land one of these days.

She has appeal rather than beauty, personality rather than glamour, and a complete and refreshing lack of affectation.

I'm afraid, too, she has brains.

And Judy knows her job. She's had her training in the hard school of the touring theatre (she's played in the West End, too), and when, "spotted" as a potential winner after a small part in the *Henry VIII* picture, she was offered a leading but futile part, Judy steeled her heart and refused.

She went on playing "bits and pieces" that were more interesting, and built up her experience for the leads she now expects—and gets.

But she's not satisfied artistically.

"British films," she said, "seem to have stock characters and dialogue that might be taken from the three-decker novels of Victorian days."

"A villainess has got to look like a villainess, a poet's got to look like what a poet is supposed to look like, not like a real poet, whom you'd probably take for a stockbroker."

"If you want to get a part here, you've got to dress for it when you go for the job. The second time I went to see that director who wanted a murderess, I got myself up like the bold bad adventuress of a penny dreadful."

"Furs and a cocotte make-up—and I swaggered in and sat down and crossed my legs and looked at him under my lids like this—"

An impressionable interviewer blushed, flicked his eyes away from the perfect ankle that swung from the armchair in the Bayswater flat—away to the spiky eyelashes of a platinum sister—back to an impish Judy.

"—and he said 'Good Lord! Why didn't you come and see me like that the first time?'"

"I nearly told him he ought to have been a wardrobe mistress and not a casting director."

"You see, they cast to type, and so they often fail," she went on.

"And the Continental directors, for example, don't. So they score, especially in the small parts. Yet they've not nearly as many film artists in France as we have."

"As a matter of fact there's a great shortage of them, and anyone who can speak French with even the remotest kind of Gallic accent can get a job, if he or she is a good performer."

"Because they go all out for acting and not type."

"They wouldn't book a man to play a green-grocer because he looked like one. They'd find an actor who could create a perfectly played little cameo."

I asked Judy if she enjoyed playing in France, where she recently did a picture with Harry Baur.

She laughed. "It was great fun," she said, "and, oh, very French."

"In England, when you arrive at the studio in the morning probably at the crack of dawn, everyone's liable to be bad-tempered, nothing goes right."

"In France, no one thinks of starting work till there's been a general handshaking all round, from the directors down to the dressers, general inquiries as to how Mademoiselle is, how she enjoyed herself yesterday, and so on."

"And if Mademoiselle doesn't feel like working—if Monsieur has the bad headache—Zut! One cannot work if one is not in the mood, and work stops."

"And that goes," laughed Judy. "No good changing your mind a few minutes later and saying you feel like working. They just won't let you."

"And in the evenings when you do finish, there's more general handshaking, exchange of compliments, earnest wishes that you will have a 'bon appétit' at dinner, agonised entreaties that Mademoiselle will have a gay evening in the city of play."

"Though I don't really like Paris," she confessed. "It's too artificial. They seem to make such a serious business of gaiety."

Pasteur—Mountebank and Racketeer

By L. J. DOLE

Not one film critic has described *Pasteur* as possibly the last attempt to "cash in" on the crumbling reputation of the most dangerous mountebank in history. In fact one would imagine that there were no two opinions about the parasite-germ theory upon which Pasteurism was founded!—or else it is tacitly assumed that all opposition is at an end. The fact is merely that the opposition is not—like Pasteurism—an immensely profitable and widespread racket.

There is an anti-Pasteur gang about and L. J. Dole is one of its more violent exponents. The readers of "W.F.N." have not heard the other side. "W.F.N." publishes it happily.

Let us consider facts—real authentic documents, not imaginary ones, but the records of the Académie des Sciences, etc., dated and signed. They will do nothing to bolster up Pasteur's reputation as a bacteriologist or as a discoverer of truth; and the germ theory of disease is crumbling to bits even in the heart of the Pasteur Institute itself.

Pasteur's true history is one of personal ambition and successful plagiarism, bluff, cunning and cruelty: his insolence to experienced doctors and his disgraceful treatment of real men of science, like Professor Antoine Béchamp, who taught him with great difficulty almost all the truths he ever swallowed—which then were appropriated as his own discoveries—would make unpleasant reading to his modern backers. Hence the conspiracy of silence—in which the Press is "invited" to join. But facts cannot be buried for ever: widespread error costs too much.

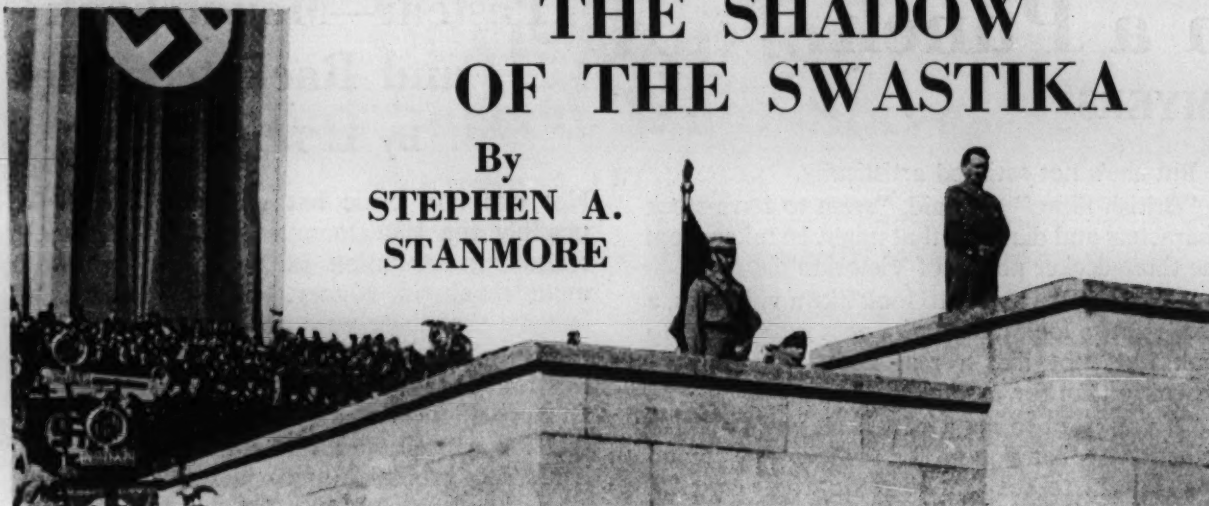
Pasteur could fill plenty of space in a Dictionary of Mountebanks, but the usual text-book way of dealing with him is to print a photograph of him and describe him as one of the founders of modern bacteriology—after which a multitude of facts are blurted out which flatly contradict everything he ever thought or said! So simple!—just like Jenner's history—and it saves all the trouble of changing the name of the Pasteur Institutes.

The truth about "germs"—a silly word—has been so "twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools" that it is taking a long time to straighten it out again; but, if the film producers want a real documentary film about the matter, they must go to the original sources and not to the advertising department of the manufacturing chemists!

In "Doctor Socrates" Paul Muni made a perfectly legitimate use of the fairy-story of Louis Pasteur—to dope a lot of crooks. It is a pity he was induced to spoil this by making the other film, though I understand that he is already sorry he did. It will certainly kill scores of children and other innocents. It may already be doing so. In the recent rabies panics in Philadelphia, several Pasteurised patients have died—and apparently no others! Quite like the good old days when Pasteur "saved 1,500 lives per annum" by increasing the rabies fatalities by 50 per cent in France for thirty years!

THE SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA

By
STEPHEN A.
STANMORE



ON MARCH 13TH, 1933, the Hitler Government constituted a Ministry for Enlightenment and Propaganda under the direction of Herr Goebbels. The official commentary stated that the Reich will take in hand the mental leadership of the nation. The Ministry is to embrace and supervise all the tasks and means of spiritual influence: the entire sphere of art, technical mediums of influence; press, radio, film. For the National-Socialist State culture is the concern of the nation, not of the individual. Enlightenment and propaganda have to direct the will-power and conviction of the people to serve the aims of policy.

This programme has been accomplished by a strictly corporative organisation of press, radio, theatre, film, music, arts. Their activities are closely directed and supervised. For the film the following measures have been taken: the constitution of the Reichsfilmkammer (Reichs Film Board); a system of universal censorship; the appointment of a Reichsfilmdramaturg; the foundation of the Filmkreditbank.

The Reichsfilmkammer is the central body of the German cinema. All those concerned in the production, sale, exhibition of films must belong to it: producers, directors, actors, scriptwriters, musicians, cutters—down to the supers—all technical engineers, renters, cinema owners, projectionists; only members are entitled to be occupied in the production and the sale of films. The exhibition of a film is inadmissible if the producer cannot prove membership of all who take part in the production. The organisation has been the filter to exclude all undesirable elements. Jews, non-Aryans, political dissenters are not admitted to membership. The Reichsfilmkammer is supervised by the Ministry: its president is not elected by the members but appointed by the Minister himself, two representatives of the Government being on its Board of Directors.

The Reichsfilmkammer is empowered obligatorily to regulate the operation, opening, closing of enterprises in the film trade, to give binding directions for the wording and execution of contracts, to rule on every important economic question. Every contravention of the regulations set up by the Reichsfilmkammer may be punished by cancelment of membership, preventing all further activity of the trespasser. So the organisation is an effective instrument to supervise, rule on and control everything relating to the sphere of the film.

Supervision of the production begins with the first conception of a film. The producers are obliged to inform the Reichsfilmdramaturg about the subjects they intend to film. The post of Reichsfilmdramaturg, an official of the Ministry,

has been instituted "to prevent productions which disagree with the tendencies of the epoch, to influence cast, form and execution of a picture" (official statement). He can reject a subject; he can ask for the script and propose modifications. His suggestions for alterations of a script are obligatory; he is authorised to intervene at any stage of the production. In 1934 two films of UFA were prohibited because the directions of the Reichsfilmdramaturg had not been followed. Contraventions of his request may result in exclusion from the Reichsfilmkammer. Since then production has become so well "synchronised" that the collaboration of the Reichsfilmdramaturg is willingly accepted. The Reichsfilmdramaturg informs the Board of Censors about the scripts he has approved, so that it is almost a guarantee that the film will also receive the censor's approval.

GERMAN FILM PRODUCTION

1932	127	dramatic pictures
1933	121	" "
1934	122	" "
1935	94	" "

* * *

In 1934 the export figure was 35 per cent lower than in 1932. The trade reports of UFA and Tobis state for 1935 a further reduction. The national socialist revolution did not give a new impulse to production: no new artistic elan, no daring experiment, no fanatic working as in the first stages of the Russian Film. No new talent has been discovered to take the place of the expelled directors and actors. The successful pictures are done by the same people who did them before.

It is significant that the State-Film-Prize has been awarded this year to a picture re-creating the atmosphere of 1900, based on a naturalistic play of that epoch, directed by the 60-years-old Carl Froelich, with Jannings in the leading part.

The President of the Filmprüfstelle stated, that the German Film is still bloodless and humourless, that it is out of touch with reality and has no originality.

* * *

It seems that the gigantic organisation of the totalitarian state cannot replace the wit of one Mr. Lubitsch.

Before a picture is admitted to public performance it has to pass an elaborate system of censorship. A complete list of all persons co-operating in its production must first of all be submitted to the Kontingentstelle where, in the case of a German film, an examination is made as to whether all the collaborators are members of the Reichsfilmkammer. Applications for the permission of exceptions have to be made before the film is begun. The slightest offence in this respect affects the non-admission of the film. The regulations for foreign films prescribe that their admission is refused "if the producers have made any picture discreditable to German prestige abroad, or if the admittance of German pictures meets with any difficulty in the country of origin." The same racial attitude applies to cast and collaborators as with German films—except that application is not so consistent.

Films in which Jewish actors or directors collaborate, who formerly worked in Germany, are never admitted. The collaboration of Bergner, Mosheim, Kortner, or Tauber, the direction of Lubitsch, Lang, Pabst, are absolute reasons for prohibition.

The Paramount film *Desire* could only be smuggled in because the name of Lubitsch was not mentioned, and Frederick Hollander was not recognised as the former Berlin musician, Friedrich Hollander.

The demands of the Kontingentstelle have become much stricter of late. Two years ago, for example, *La Maternelle* (directed by Jean Benoit-Lévy), *Les Nuits Moscovites* (with Harry Baur) were admitted; the latter film was prohibited after its great success in Berlin. In spite of this French films enjoy a privileged position, evidently not to endanger the export of French versions of the UFA productions. Thus the recent Harry Baur film *Les Yeux Noires* was licensed; the important ones, *Les Misérables*, *Crime et Chatiment* rejected. Of ten Metropolitan films presented for admission three were refused by the Kontingentstelle (*The Great Ziegfeld*, *Rose Marie*, *Tale of Two Cities*). Four others were declined by the censor. The reason for this more strictly applied censorship lies in the trade relations with the U.S.A., where special measures have been taken against German dumping. This does not mean any loss for the American companies as the receipts cannot be transferred to foreign countries on account of the German exchange regulations. There is no appeal against the decisions of the Kontingentstelle.

After the Kontingentstelle has licensed the cast the picture itself is examined by the Board of Censors. (Filmprüfstelle.) All the pictures which had been admitted before January 30th, 1933, were censored anew according to the new regulations. 2,274 old pictures were examined, 738 of them rejected. The President and the members of the Board are appointed by the Minister for Enlightenment and Propaganda. The examination chambers are composed of the President and four Assessors, only one belonging to the trade; one must be a writer, one an artist. The assessors have only a deliberate vote. The President himself decides. Against a decision the producer can appeal to the Oberprüfstelle. If the Minister disapproves of the admittance of a picture, he can demand a new examination by the Oberprüfstelle.

Even this regulation did not seem efficient enough for the Government, so that the Minister was granted the extraordinary and immediate right, without any formal proceedings, to prohibit

pictures undesirable for reasons of internal or foreign policy.

The "Lichtspielgesetz" (law governing cinemas) of the Weimar Republic contained only one reason for prohibiting pictures: Danger to public security and order. It was expressly stated that a picture could not be prohibited for its political, religious, ethical, or Weltanschauungs tendencies. Some Russian pictures were prohibited in spite of this, "endangering public security"; the Remarque picture *All Quiet on the Western Front* was suppressed by a socialist minister, after Herr Goebbels—at that time not yet Minister—had censored it as being against the National-Socialist feelings, and had organised riots of protests in the streets and in the cinema, by letting loose blind worms and white mice in the pit, whereupon the film was forbidden as endangering public order.

In general the censorship of the Weimar Republic was one of the most liberal in Europe. The accession of the Hitler Government caused a complete change. The totalitarian state pretends not only to examine the pictures for their political and moral tendencies but also for their artistic value. The following paragraph contains the whole scale of reasons for non-admittance:

"The admission is denied if the examination shows that the exhibition of a film is liable to endanger vital interests of the state or public order or security, to offend against National-Socialist, religious, moral or artistic feelings, to have a brutalising or demoralising effect, to endanger German prestige or Germany's relations to foreign states."

Here are some examples of practical interpretation:

Vital interests of the state are endangered by a picture liable to weaken the desire to defend one's country by arms.

The public order is endangered by stressing contrasts of the classes which have been abolished in the third realm.

No German synchronisation of *Ruggles of Red Gap* was admitted on account of the Lincoln speech on democracy; so that Mr. Laughton quoted it only for the happy few.

National-Socialist feeling is injured by the portrayal of love affairs between Aryans and non-Aryans; *The Last of the Pagans* was prohibited for this reason because it glorifies coloured people as superior to the white race.

Robin Hood of Eldorado was qualified as brutalising in effect; *Bohemian Girl* as injuring artistic feelings. The definition of this feature naturally worries the censors, they paraphrase it as stupid and silly clownery, stupefying and dull, corrupting taste.

Aesthetic examination has still another positive and important side. The Filmprüfstelle has to state if a picture may obtain one of the following qualifications: "of state-political value, of artistic value, of educational value."—The award of one of these marks has a very practical effect; pictures thus distinguished are given tax-privileges. A picture of state-political and of artistic value is even exempt from all taxation. The proprietors of cinemas are induced by this advantage to show them. The marks are not only granted to German but also to foreign pictures. *Henry VIII*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *David Copperfield*, *Anna Karenina* obtained the mark of artistic value.

The certificate of educational value is granted to documentaries and educational films. State-political value has been attributed to very different pictures of some propagandist significance: to every documentary showing the activi-



"Triumph of The Will"

ties of the Government, newsreels, to playfilms with direct or indirect National-Socialist, general "heroic," or militarist tendencies; among them a military comedy (*Soldaten—Kameraden*); a reportage of Nazi Party meetings; *The Wonder of Flying*; the Schmeling boxing-match (shown under the title *Schmeling's Victory, a German Victory*), and, as the only foreign picture, the Swedish farce, *Pettersen and Bendel*, which was made the starting-point for renewed Jew-baiting.

Like Press and Radio, the Cinema is used for immediate governmental propaganda. The tenor and contents of the weekly news are ordained by the Ministry; it is fixed that certain events have to be shown, others—foreign for instance—have to be omitted. But beyond it speeches of the Führer or members of the Government, "State Acts," big Party events are taken on order of the Ministry. These pictures have to be projected by the owners of the cinemas. Contraventions are punishable by exclusion from the Reichsfilmkammer, which means the end of all professional activity. A performance often begins with the reproduction of important parts of speeches lasting about twenty minutes. The most striking example of propaganda was the preparation of Hitler's peace vote after the reoccupation of the Rhineland. During a fortnight long extracts of the Führer's speeches, skilfully illustrated by atmospheric shots of the meetings, were projected in every German cinema the day after he had delivered them. The evening before election day the last appeal of the Führer in its full extent was broadcast in all German theatres and cinemas, so that the beginning of the performance was postponed for more than an hour. The lyrical reporting of the Party Rally of 1934 was the longest of the propaganda documentaries. It was shown as a big feature throughout Germany under the title *Triumph of The Will*.

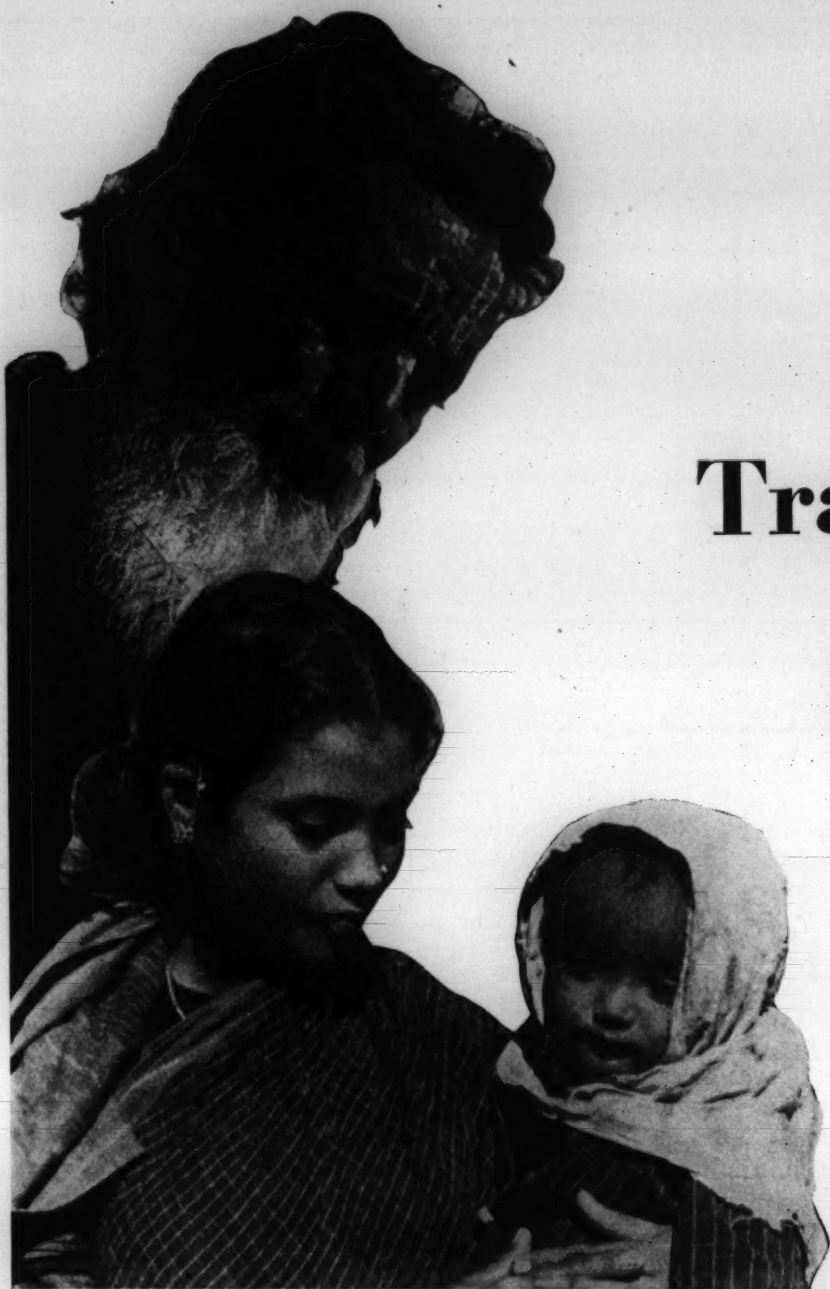
The number of playfilms expressing National-Socialist ideas is very small. In 1933 a life of the Nazi hero, Horst Wessel, was filmed. But the Nazi authorities were so dissatisfied with it that it was admitted only under the title *Horst Westmar*. *Friesennot* shows a colony of German peasants in Russia struggling against their Bolshevik suppressors. A film dealing with the Labour Service. That is an almost complete list. Although these pictures obtained the certificate of "exceptional

political and artistic value", excellent reviews and the fullest support of the Party, they were not successful, so that Herr Goebbels recently prohibited the production of dramatic pictures by the Nazi Party. For the purpose of direct propaganda a special society with its own studios has been created.

ECONOMICAL MEASURES. The expulsion of the Jews from the film business stopped production for a moment. The loss of so many well-known producers, actors, directors, induced the banks to withdraw their credit. To prevent a complete breakdown the Government organised a special "Filmkreditbank." As the bank is controlled by the Ministry for Propaganda it has become an additional instrument to supervise production. The granting of credits does not only depend on purely capitalist considerations. Pictures of political propaganda-value are promoted. The complete script which has to be submitted must have the agreement of the Reichsfilmkammer. The maximum credit amounts to 70 per cent of the cost of production. The producer must provide 30 per cent and a surplus reserve of 15 per cent. In 1935 69.5 per cent of German production was financed by the Filmkreditbank.

The Reichsfilmkammer has taken several decisive steps for the reorganisation of the film-business. (1) To reduce the competition between the cinemas, minimum-prices have been fixed. (2) The scope and arrangement of the performances are strictly prescribed. The length of the whole programme is restricted to 3,500 m. It must contain a newsreel; then an educational or documentary picture of at least 250 m., which has got a mark from the Filmprüfstelle. It may contain a small picture of at most 900 m. (cartoon, oddity, etc.). Programmes with two big features are prohibited. (3) The opening of new theatres is forbidden.

The last move of the Reichsfilmkammer will extend production, which generally declines from January to April, over the whole year. By this measure should be assured the opportunity of slower and calmer working and a better utilisation of staff and material. As a compensation for the delayed exploitation of pictures done in the dead season great facilities are given by the Reichsfilmkammer, the studios, and the printing laboratories.



Tradition retards

Indian Film Progress

By WINIFRED HOLMES

"Films could unify and educate backward peasant India as nothing else. Perhaps the new Viceroy will start a campaign. . . ."

WHEN AMERICAN FILMS poured into the country at the beginning of the twentieth century educated drama-conscious India lapped them up. Though reflecting a foreign ideology, they had action, thrills, romance, and helped to teach the new *lingua franca*—English. So keen did the younger generation of city-dwellers become, that grey-beards wagged in dismay and mumbled of denationalisation, corruption of morals, break-up of custom. However, the proportion of Indians who could afford the cinema was so small that the Government did not smell danger till 1918, when it passed the Indian Cinematograph Act, setting up the system of governmental censorship which operates to-day.

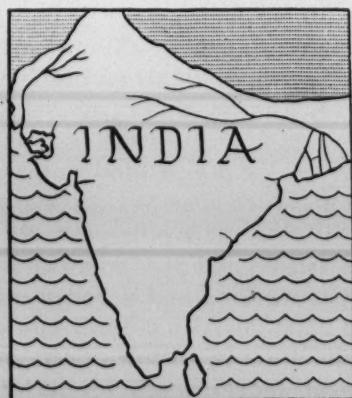
Only a limited public could read captions, so

stunt and excitement films were most popular. Fairbanks, Lloyd and Chaplin drew biggest houses, *The Thief of Baghdad* with its oriental setting capping the poll. Eighty per cent imported films were American, the British industry being in the perambulator stage. When it grew up the market shrunk. Language difficulties of talkies, their slow action, the growth of an indigenous industry based on native tradition, using only native talent, emptied Western-film-showing theatres of almost all but English patrons.

The first Indian film was made by Mr. Phalke, of Bombay, who later founded the Hindustan Film Co., Nasik, and produced several successful silent films. Other companies sprang up in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, etc., all with

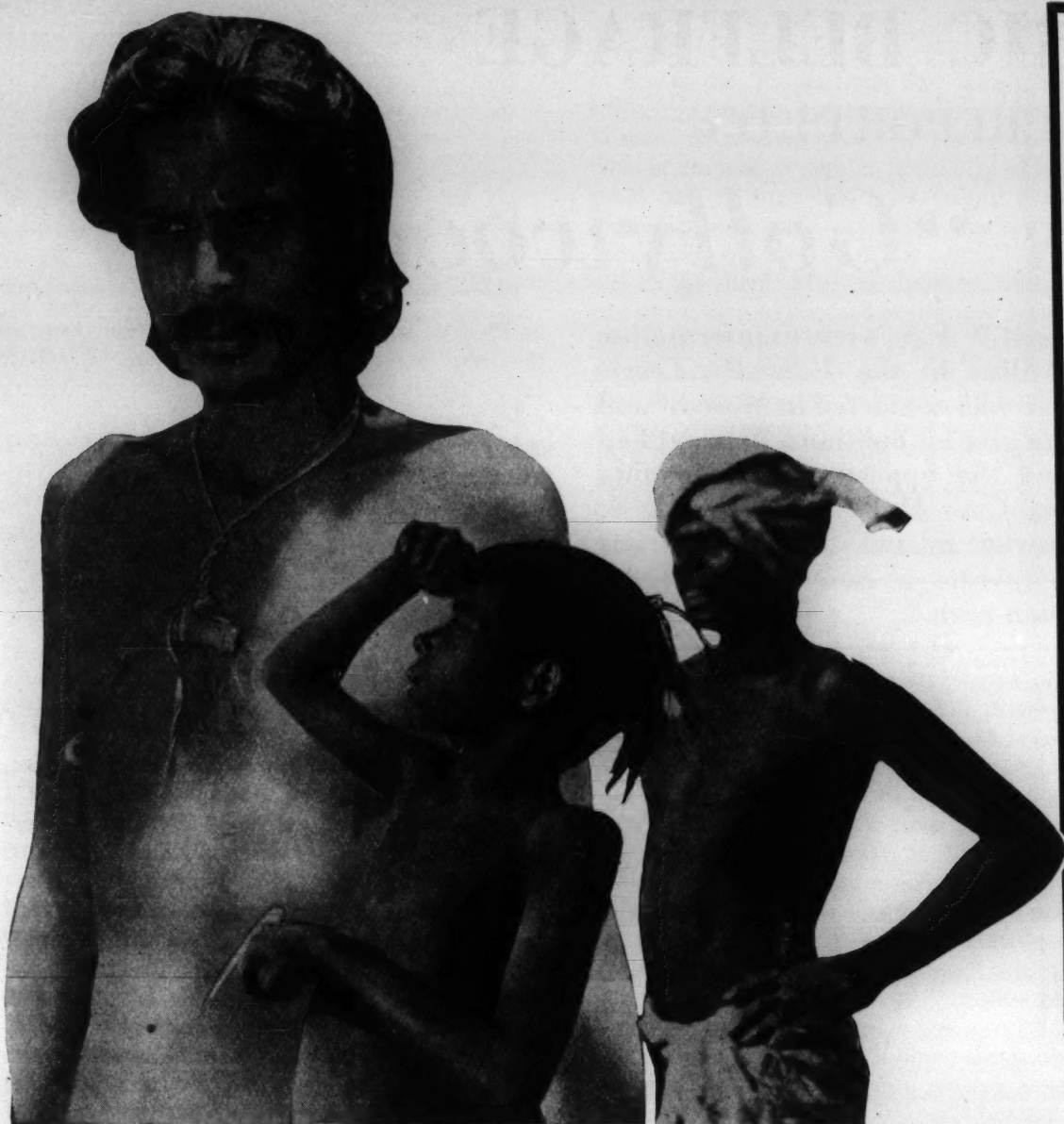
small private capital, little technical knowledge, no training and scanty equipment. Their pictures were crude in technique compared with Hollywood products, but it was a feat to have made them at all, and they won instant popularity with Indian audiences. Here was no alien mode of life but stories from their own mythology, religions and history, stories from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Traditional musical accompaniment was used, songs in the ancient forms of *Rag* and *Ragini*; Hindu dances; dramatic conventions such as death not being performed on the stage, no love-making between man and wife, no stories of married women and lovers, no drinking or gambling, no nakedness. The acting was after ancient traditions of Sanskrit drama and mediæval popular morality plays, combined with the newer imported influence of Shakespeare.

In 1926 there were 21 producing companies in India—now there are hundreds. None are very big, none have much capital, all produce films for a certain religious or racial group only, or for one district, and in one of the chief vernaculars—Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, Marathi, Gujarati, Tamil or Telegu. English is the only common language, spoken by a mere 6 of the sub-continent's 360 millions. These companies are as much handicapped by differences of custom and creed as of language. For instance, there is no dramatic tradition among Mohammedans, their religion forbidding the portrayal of Islam's holy characters. Moslems are now producing films especially for their own people.



INDIAN FILM FACTS

- In 1926, 21 producing companies; 1936, hundreds
- Less than 2 per cent of population speak English
- Three-quarters of population too poor to see films
- 650 cinemas for 360 million people
- High tariff on imported films
- Moslems make films for their own people



موجودہ ہندوستانی فلم سازوں کا یہ رویہ
ہے کہ وہ غریبی فلموں کی اندازہ بند کاپی کر
رہے ہیں۔ چنانچہ شکستین طرز ایکٹ
شہوت و فلم سٹارپرستی اور قرائنی کے
ڈرامے عموماً ان کے راہ نمائیں۔ مگر چہ یہ غریبی
فحش ہندوستانیوں کو غیر میں بلکن
پبلک کو سوان کے کوئی چارہ نہیں
شیخ احمد

“It is characteristic of present Indian producers to mimic western films without any differentiation between the good and bad. The overacting of old Shakespearian players, sex appeal, film star worship, and gangsters seem to be their ideal source of inspiration. None of these are the characteristic of India to-day and yet these alien monstrosities are forced upon the Indian film audience.”

S. AHMED

India is not a promising market for the industry's development on a big scale. £7 per capita is the average income to Great Britain's £60. More than three-quarters of the entire population is agrarian—"chou-anna-wallahs"—too poor to afford a few pies (less than farthings) for a seat. Superstitious, illiterate, conservative, films will have to be simple in the extreme to appeal to them.

In 1927 British India and Burma, population 240 millions, had 300 permanent cinemas to Great Britain's 3,700 for a population of 47 millions, and America's 20,500 for a population of 120 millions. To-day, 1936, the whole of India, population 360 millions, has only 650 cinemas, of which most are in big cities—36 in Bombay, 20 in Lahore. There are a few travelling and seasonal cinemas for country districts, but cinema-going is practically confined to educated town-dwellers.

Rebirth of nationalism and progressive indianisation are also weakening the influence of Western films. The Motion Picture Society of India agitated till Government recently reduced the duty on raw films and studio equipment. There is a quota system in operation, and a high tariff on imported films—an 8,000-foot feature pays nearly £100 duty, "a matter of serious consideration," says *Kiné Year Book* 1935. Indian films are allowed to fulfil quota requirements in this country, but specimens shown here have been too crude in technique and alien in outlook to appeal to Wardour Street.

But they appeal to Indians. *Amritmanthan* ran for a year in Bombay. *Devdas*, produced in Calcutta's "Tollywood," swung popular taste away from sentiment and melodrama to subtle psychological studies. *Dharmatma*, the life of the Brahmin saint, Eknath, who tried to break down barriers of untouchability, and *Dr. Madhurika*, domestic difficulties of an Indian woman doctor married to a lawyer, with a home to run and a job, are not only popular but have social significance.

India most dislikes films made by foreigners with incorrect or unflattering Indian background. *India Speaks*, a Paramount "Mother India" effort, and *Bengali* of R.K.O., were banned in the entire British Empire at request of the Motion Picture Society. Films made with western capital but Indian experts are more acceptable. *Shiraz*, *The Throw of Dice*, *Karma*, the Tagore films, are such composite efforts. India is jealous of her prestige and has no redress for misrepresentation as her own films are not shown in the West.

Government recognises the importance of films for education, especially among an illiterate population. It is hampered as yet by lack of funds. The Agricultural Department makes shorts of rural reform—modern methods of cultivation, improved seed and implements, pests and their cure, change of inheritance laws, etc. A travelling van takes these films round to fairs and ploughing matches. Keen interest is shown everywhere. Health and hygiene films are made by the Red Cross and the Hygiene Institute—a film on pre-

vention of accidents in machinery proving particularly valuable. "Safety First" films are made by the Railways Department. The Indian Tea Association uses Assam-made films to recruit coolie labour from the plains. Films could unify and educate backward peasant India as nothing else. Perhaps the new Viceroy will start a thorough campaign. . . .

In the meantime the seventy-year-old Rajah of Aundh has realised the educational possibilities in films. He has recently produced a film called *Surya Namakar*, *Salute to the Sun*, in which he and members of his family demonstrate remarkable exercises and methods of keeping strong and young, which were brought to India from Persia 5,000 years ago by Sri Krishna. They are performed as a tribute to the sun, and consist chiefly in rhythmic breathing exercises with a temple bell marking the rhythm. The Rajah himself is a perfect advertisement for the system, as he is straight and lithe as a youth. This film has been made for the express purpose of teaching his subjects. Anyone can do the exercises, he says, in however small and poor a room, whereas football and cricket need other people's co-operation and large open spaces. Hindi is the vernacular used, but an English version is at present being prepared over here.

The next article of this series will deal with the Mexican film industry.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

REPORTS ON

Russia's "Gollywood"

THE NEWS THAT *Modern Times* was to be shown "immediately" in Moscow sent us hurrying on from Leningrad with a mere glance at the ballet. We were green in Russia and did not know that one word served for "immediately" and "presently," covering anything from an hour to a year hence. After a month there is still no sign of Chaplin on the cinema playbills (and there is also *City Lights*, which was bought simultaneously, to be shown). But the reception given *Modern Times* by a professional audience at the Domkino club and by the press, leaves no doubt about the riotous success awaiting it throughout the U.S.S.R. The film might have been cut to measure to current Soviet mentality, eager for gaiety but always diligently occupying itself with the domestic and personal problems of the individual in society.

The popularity of this undeniably 'defeatist-flavoured' film, taken together with such manifestations as the introduction of golf and the increased demand for lipstick by Soviet womanhood, will help sceptics to convince themselves that Russia is going bourgeois and has forgotten the Revolution. It will be another blow for those members of our higher montage circles who have been finding it increasingly difficult to point with pride in the direction of Moscow. Proof will no longer be needed of the rumour that Soviet audiences will now accept only American films or home-made copies of them.

How much truth is there in this gloomy legend? With regard, first, to "Gollywood"-made films (as h-less Russians neatly call them): investigation reveals no more than two of feature-length shown here since N.E.P. These were *Cabin in the Cotton*, a fairly obscure Barthelmess number, and *The Invisible Man*. The latter's "scientific phantasy," a novelty to Soviet audiences, made it a hit. It was the first film dubbed into Russian by the American expert Lars Moen, whose process sets new standards in perfection of this cinematic illusion. (Moen's explanation of this is amusing: he is able to make use of all the dubbing patents in the world except the German, because only Germany has a high enough opinion of Soviet reliability to think a patent worth the trouble of registering in the U.S.S.R.) Moen has now finished dubbing Clair's *Dernier Milliardaire*, and Clair would be interested to hear the chapter-and-verse wisecracks about Nazism which his characters now speak in place of the original vague satire.

No English films have been bought for Soviet consumption. Nor is there any sign of an increase in importation of foreign films, partly because so few have the right "ideology", partly because the highest figure to which the Soviet government will go is mere cigar-money to capitalist producers. An attempt was made to buy *Viva Villa*, and Metro-Goldwyn agreed to the price offered, only adding that they had 49 other films which they would sell at the same figure, all or none. This extension of Stakhanovism to the realm of film-booking aroused no response, and

In view of W.F.N.'s recent information about films in the U.S.S.R., Cedric Belfrage was contacted in Moscow and asked to give his opinions. Belfrage had not had the opportunity of reading "Russia Goes Hollywood" by H. V. Meyerowitz in our July issue. His report reveals a new aspect of the transition period.

Metro-Goldwyn were presumably told what they might do with *Villa* and the other 49.

At several Moscow cinemas the current attraction is Alexandrov's *Circus*, the first showing of which to members of the industry I attended the other night. The show was punctuated by little bursts of applauding rapture from groups scattered over the Domkino auditorium, and at the conclusion the director and the radiant platinum-blond, plucked-eyebrowed star bathed in a shower of the Russian equivalents of "Darling!" and "Marvellous!" from their rivals and colleagues. With a few starched shirts and ermine wraps added one might have thought oneself back in Leicester Square, and clearly it is not only in Hollywood and Elstree that the game of "yessing" is popular. The film is a story of an American circus girl who gives birth to a black baby. Another film now being widely shown is *The Fatherland Calls*, a vision of future war. The airman-hero's little son whimsically decides, on declaration of war, to go to the front and help out. A single enemy 'plane flies over the border, and drops a bomb in the middle of the very field which the young patriot happens to be crossing. Somebody sees the number of the 'plane and in the big fight that follows the father finds it and

annihilates it. Worth noting is the fact that, in this film as in Dovzhenko's *Aerograd*, where Japan figures as villain, the enemy in an imaginary war is actually named. The enemy 'planes are clearly marked with swastikas. The film is a technically mediocre version of a tale which even Hollywood is rarely naïve enough to serve up to-day. The dialogue pointing out that the Soviets fight only for defence may be more sincere than it would be in a Hollywood film, but it is not essentially different. In *Circus*, the black baby is the element of Soviet "ideology," but so long as it was illegitimate it need only have had a white skin for the same story to be made in Culver City.

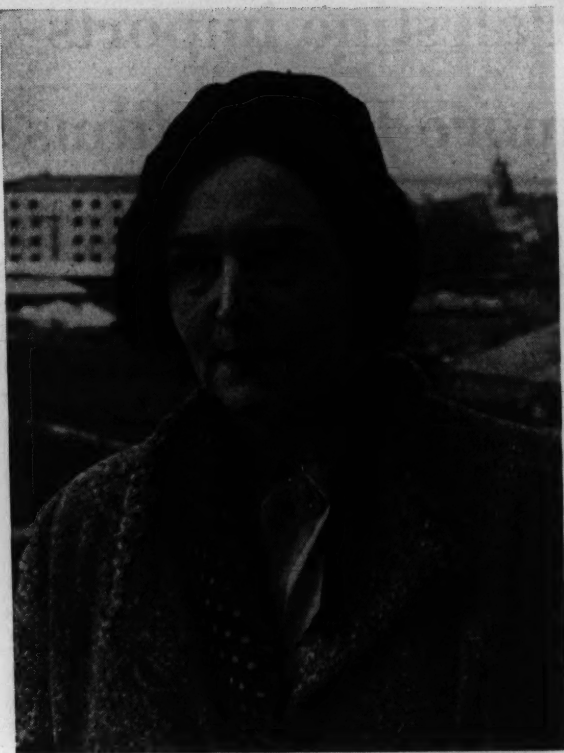
In *Party Ticket*, another film of the moment, the villain is a factory saboteur, the heroine a Party member whom he steals from the worker-hero; and he borrows the girl's Party ticket to lend it to the sinister "other woman." The characters in such films may be described as Red Army man, udarnik, wrecker, Pioneer, Communist; but one does not have to understand much Russian to know in a few minutes from which familiar pigeon-holes they come.

One would not mention these films were it not for the undeniable fact that they are popular. But it is necessary in this country to accustom oneself to the fact that all films are popular. A vast public, much of it still in the early stages of movie fascination, is hungry for films, and there are nowhere near enough efficient craftsmen to produce them. A failure in our sense of the word does not exist, alternative programmes being so few that almost every film made is seen by every cinema-goer. There are less primitive and "Gollywoody" films to be seen than the above-mentioned. *Report Card* is a charming, sensitive small-time picture of old gymnasium-school life, culminating in a belly-laugh where, the day after the revolution, teacher shuffles in and says: "For our zoology lesson to-day, we will examine the Tsarist government." *Aerograd*, if not entirely successful, is a vigorous film of skirmishes along the forested Manchurian border, with several magnificent passages. *Seekers of Happiness*, the first film of the Birobijan Jewish colony, has good acting and an idea lurking somewhere in it. Dzigan's *We of Kronstadt* (a year old, like *Aerograd*, but still being shown) is a revolutionary picture in the best tradition, in direct line from *Potemkin* and *Chapayev*: a heroic episode of conflict and sacrifice for an ideal, gruesome yet human and even humorous, using in masterly fashion the old Griffith to-the-rescue structure. To be persuaded that one *Circus* does not make a bourgeois U.S.S.R. one has but to hear the storm of ardour this film arouses. It and *Chapayev*, more especially the latter, are re-booked five and six times at the same cinema by public demand.

Chapayev still remains the basis of all discussion in Soviet film circles. It is the only film so far which has with complete success bridged the gulf between the old mass themes and the new individualism. Its painted character in the round



"Peasants"



Esther Schub

By courtesy of H. V. Meyerowitz

without sacrificing, indeed greatly heightening, the epic theme of mass-upsurge. But the problem of characterisation is a much more difficult one here than it is in capitalist studios, where individualism and heroism are almost identical and can together be magnified to infinity. If capitalist film characters come out of pigeon-holes it is due to sheer laziness or stupidity on the authors' or producers' part. But in Soviet Russia heroism has a basically different meaning. It is not surprising that, in the early fumbblings for the key to the relationship between the individual and socialist society, so many characters emerge preternaturally black or white and grey shades are scarce.

Pudovkin, the Order of Lenin in his buttonhole and the works of the sage lining the bookshelves behind him, wrestled with himself and strode up and down like a caged Samson as he tried to explain these problems and the objectives at which he himself is aiming. He is completing the scenario of a film based on the Chelyuskin episode. "I have a hero," he said. "Now almost by definition one thinks of a hero as a man alone, struggling against opposing forces. In socialist society, the becoming a hero is the beginning of a man's tragedy, because he cannot work alone. That is the theme of my film.

"What is difficult for our critics abroad to understand," he went on, "is the speed at which life here is moving and changing. Neither the cinema nor the other arts have been able to keep up with it. I have come from a meeting of Stakhanovites in the Kremlin; one suddenly sees the new type of human being which is being produced here. Moscow is a new city almost every year and in three years the village has changed down to the last detail. We are men trying to catch something as it passes and pin it down, but the life is too restless and will not let itself be caught; it escapes while you are focussing the camera."

The problem of making *Chapayevs*, not of bloody revolution but of peaceful socialist construction, remains. And meanwhile a vast new field of material begins to unfold itself in the

questions of human conduct under functioning socialism: the new roles of women and of youth in Soviet life, motherhood and family relationships, the peasant's reconstruction as collective farmer. Such questions the leaders of Soviet cinema are now beginning hesitantly to tackle, a good part of their hesitancy arising from their desire to hold back until they could show the same technical mastery of the sound film as they did of the silent. Most of them are still vaguely uncertain how to proceed in this new form which suddenly de-internationalised the masses' most potent artistic medium. But the authorities feel that this coyness on the brink of the talkies has lasted quite long enough. Their patience has been very great. It is all right for the directors of *Chapayev* to spend a year "preparing" another film, without exposing a foot of negative. One *Chapayev* is worth fifty *Circuses*, and such directors should be humoured. But it was noticed that, when honours were distributed to the film industry, the supreme slowcoach, Eisenstein, was awarded a certificate which was almost an insult, and a message reached the maestro from Stalin that in the present film famine mere dabbling in metaphysical abstractions was not what the Soviet wanted. Eisenstein then leaped with extraordinary nimbleness into production of a film about the young Soviet martyr who betrayed his kulak father and was killed for his pains; and after eighteen gruelling months the picture is almost finished—it may even be shown by next October.

As far as I am able to estimate Soviet cinema-going mentality, I would say that the *Circuses* of the Alexandrovs are merely assuaging immediate hunger or whetting appetites for more *Chapayev* bread. Such films provide passing entertainment, but there are no grounds for the suggestion that

the Soviet public will be willing to let the cinema decay into a mere evening-out hashish such as it has become in England and America.

Though Soviet cinema is going through a mediocre phase, fierce and continuous discussion and self-criticism keep alive the spirit which put it at the head of the class a few years ago. Whether this typically Soviet purgative is good in the long run for the bowels of all the arts is a debatable point; it is certainly beneficial in the cinema, which is a mass art or nothing at all. A visitor accustomed to the complacently constipated film industries of America and England feels refreshed the moment he walks into Eisenstein's outer office at Mosfilm studios and finds, on the wall newspaper, a cartoon by some camera-boy ribbing the maestro for his slowness.

One can go to conference after conference, not of units but of the whole industry, and hear common problems thrashed out and new themes and forms debated. An entire conference devotes itself solely to the development of themes for children's films, and such films now being made are ruthlessly criticised. Directors of "Gollywood" films may have their yes-men to comfort them at the first night, but a day or two later they will have to attend a meeting where they must answer the criticisms of rival directors, of assistant cameramen and scene-painters; and, later still, they must defend themselves against the man-in-the-stalls at public meetings in the cinemas. This lively tradition of criticism still marks the Soviet cinema off from the capitalist cinema. We may expect to see it bearing fruit once more in the films made in 1937 to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the Revolution. On the selection of worthy themes for this occasion the new Committee of Arts and the heads of the industry are already busily conferring.



"Day in a City Nursery" (Vufku)



"Passaporto Rosso"

Italy's progress due to State interference, says Robert Kiek

Italy's early experiments with films were not crowned with success. The films themselves were dull and they proved a headache to the financiers. New life, however, was brought to the industry when the Italian Government took an active interest.

The first task the producers set themselves was to find a national hero. The lives of Cavour, Garibaldi, and the latter's heroic wife Anita were considered, but the difficulties of screening them were thought to be insuperable. Finally they decided on Theresa Confalonieri, the national heroine who nobly sacrificed her home happiness for the sake of Italy's glory.

The picture *Theresa Confalonieri*, intelligently directed by Guido Brigone, was presented at the Second International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art at Venice in 1934. Marta Abba, famous interpreter of Pirandello, was an enormous success in the title role and it was only due to the mediocre scenario that the public did not show the enthusiasm that the film deserved.

Italians are critical as no other people in the world and particularly so of their national film industry. This criticism does not come only from the intellectuals but also from the middle-class people, and their strongest objections are to films that are little more than theatrical versions of melodramatic plays.

One would have expected Max Ophüls' *La Signora di Tutti* to meet with success, but this was not the case. Although the story itself was a bit banal, the treatment was grand and the effect poignant.

The fact that *Theresa Confalonieri* was received by the public with much more sympathy than *La Signora di Tutti* strengthened the Government and the producers in their resolve to go ahead with national productions.

The most important national pictures of the following year were: Mussolini and Forzano's *Hundred Days*; Brigone's *Passaporto Rosso* and Marco Elter's *Le Scarpe al Sole*. Of those the last two were notable in that the theme of *Passaporto Rosso* might have been a prologue to the emigration that was made possible by the victory over the Ethiopians, while *Le Scarpe al Sole* might have been a prologue to the war itself. The former was full of pathos, national flags, national hymns and talk of national glory.

Le Scarpe al Sole is the simple story of a warrior's life during the battles in the Alps. Elter, who had worked in Hollywood, proved a very able director, and the film in my opinion contained more propaganda for peace than Pabst's *Kameradschaft*.

Had not the Italian State interfered in the film industry from the beginning, the Italian Film would no longer exist. This is something new in the fight between the independent film industry and government. In nearly every country where the State tried to protect the national industry, things went wrong. Italy alone managed to keep her head above water. There have been and there will continue to be failures, but Italian production during the last few years has improved enormously—not only in national, but in fiction pictures. Among these, Gustav Machaty's *Ballerine*, which will have its première at this year's Biennale, is said to take a prominent place.

As to the documentary film, the Istituto Luce has made excellent pictures. *Littoria* is one of the best documentaries ever produced, and the interest of the State in pictures guarantees a good many more, of the propaganda type, as well as others. Public interest in pictures increases every day, and film societies and amateur ciné-clubs prosper enormously.

Palestine imports more British films

Palestine, the British Mandate, has shown during the last few years a relatively great development in her film industry. Leaving out of account the Arabic population, which—though greater in number—has only a very few cinemas of its own, there are, for the Jewish population of some 400,000, about 25 cinemas of which the majority, with an average of 1,000 seats each, are in Jerusalem, Haifa, and Tel-Aviv. These cinemas, equipped on up-to-date lines, are popular, and keep a high standard in their programme.

Since import restrictions do not exist in Palestine, some of the best international films are shown in the cinemas: chiefly, Hollywood productions and films with German commentary from Vienna, Prague, and Budapest. Those from Berlin are no longer shown. Films in German are the most popular, as by far the majority of Jewish cinema-goers know German or Yiddish.

Of course, American films are also very much patronised—not so much variety and musical films, but those with a dramatic plot and brief dialogue.

Recently, following the change for the worse in Viennese production, the French film has become popular, since French is still fairly well known throughout the Levant.

Polish and Russian films may also be seen from time to time.

The cinema programme, containing sound news, a long film and sometimes a short one, lasts usually two hours. English and French films are sub-titled and on a little side-screen Hebrew and Arabic translations are shown.

Cinemas are closed on Friday and open again on the evening of the Sabbath.

Some time ago, a British film in Palestine was still a rarity, but last season brought a greater number of British films to the screen, e.g., *Escape Me Never*, *Sanders of the River*, *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *I Give My Heart*, *My Heart's Desire*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *Abdul Hamid*, and *Brown on Resolution*.

There is generally a liberal censorship (except for colonial and political problems) and no import restrictions.

Surely the market here for British films could be very much increased.

Venice Exhibition

The French Ministry of Arts in completing the choice of French films for showing at the International Exhibition of Cinematography in Venice listed:

Long films: *Veille d'Armes*, a production of Marcel l'Herbier; *La tendre Ennemie*, by Max Ophüls; *Le Grand Refrain*, by Yves Mirande; *Mayerling*, production of A. Litvak; *Anne-Marie*, production of Raymond Bernardi; *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*, by Sacha Guitry; *L'appel du Silence*, production of Léon Poirier.

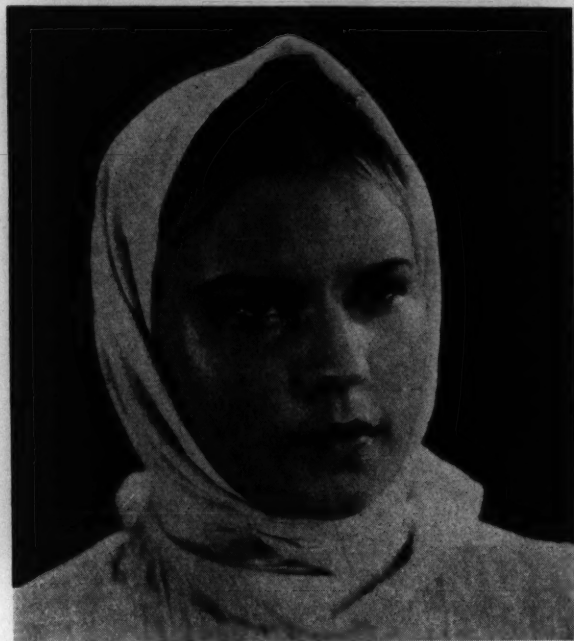
Shorts: *Le Discobole*, a 'Three Minutes', by M. Bellugue; *Le Rouergue*, a touring document by J. C. Bernardi; *Voyage dans le Ciel*, science film by Jean Painlevé; *Le Coin des Enfants* after the music of Debussy; *Jeune fille au Jardin*.

Czechoslovakia develops new style of production

"It is the duty of a small country such as ours to be represented by the Film."

This statement was made by Dr. Edward Benes, President of the Czechoslovakian Republic.

Thanks to the State and certain leaders who have been favourable to the development of the film industry (Masaryk is still a critical and enthusiastic supporter), studios covering a huge



"Janosik"

area and suitable for international productions have been built on the slopes of Barrandow near Prague. Many films which are not Czechoslovakian have been made here including *The Golem* by Duvivier and *Port Arthur* by Farkas.

At one time it seemed as if the industry was limited to the production of petty stilted comedies, but Machaty's *Extase* ensured entry to the European market. In this film Hedy Kiessler, the actress discovered by Max Reinhardt, played the leading part. At the Venice Exhibition it created a sensation.

The second film of international importance was the charming country idyll *Reka*, directed by Revensky. The success of *Reka* not only created international interest in the Czechoslovakian film industry but it also demonstrated the filmic possibilities of the country's scenic beauties. Its magnificent landscapes from the lovely Bohemian ranges, over the mountain panorama of the lofty Tatras to the wooded slopes of the Carpathians are still too little known.

Czechoslovakian films are to be noted for their keen satirical humour, as in *Hej Rup*, and for their screening of middle-class drama.

Marysa, directed by Revensky and winner of the State prize, is played in Mähren. It is a village love story which works up to the traditional ballad climax of death by poisoning. Steeped in Mähren's folk-lore and making use of poetry, the film interweaves song, dance and traditional customs.

A stronger film, *Janosik*, shows the awakening of the Carpathian peasants who at the beginning of the eighteenth century protested against serving foreign rulers. The story of the people's hero, Janosik, comes from the core of a nation that has struggled long and violently against its oppressors. The film is directed by Mac Fric and the hero's part is played by Palo Bielik. It has been shown in England recently.



"Janosik"

Catherine Hessling

CATHERINE HESSLING made her screen début under the direction of her husband, Jean Renoir, the son of the great painter, and since has acted under the direction of Cavalcanti, Lotte Reiniger, Pabst and Pierre Chenal. Discussed acridly by the élite, detested by the 'petits-bourgeois' who are the mainstay of cinema theatres in France, her faults became to a certain extent exaggerated, and in her last silent films (*Le Chaperon Rouge*, for example, which she financed) she became a caricature of herself.

Away from the screen for several years, she took up dancing. In music-hall, as in film, her greatest qualities came to grief. . . . And now she



Catherine Hessling

has begun to appear on the French screen again, no longer as a great 'vedette,' but in secondary parts. Thus she has played the part of a prostitute in *Coralie et Cie*, and Elizabeth, the usurer's sister, in *Crime et Chatiment*.

Painted by the great Renoir, and then by Derain, creator of *La P'tite Lilie* and of *La Marchande d'Allumettes*, Catherine Hessling was the woman-type of the glorious times of 1926 at Paris, the time of the *avant-garde* and of *sur-realisme*. The cinema owes her, at any rate, a few unforgettable moments, such as certain phases in *En Rade* and her death in *Nana*.

In the U.S.A. she would certainly have had a career as brilliant as that of Zazu Pitts; the French cinema, too bourgeois, restrained by every sort of petty convention, had no place for her.

French Censorship

Jean Zay, the Minister of Education, proposes to reorganise French censorship. It seems unlikely that censorship will be abolished because the government is well aware of the political value of screen space and unwilling that it should be made available to its opponents. There has been some talk of "preventive censorship." This would mean the submission of scenarios to the censors before the beginning of production (as in Germany). But the general feeling is that the new government will not exercise so severe a control.

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Book Reviews

MOVIE PARADE

by Paul Rotha. Studio Ltd.

Technicians in general believe that the best stills come from the worst films. This will explain the apparent anomalies in Rotha's allotment of space in his book, especially in his own particular field of documentary. We assume from this that he intends the book rather as notes for a history than as a history in itself. We would only prefer the pictures to be longer, cleaner and less crowded looking, even if they had to be fewer.

The cinema, though young, is strangely lacking in documentation and Mr. Rotha is to be congratulated on his work in collecting so much



By courtesy of Paul Rotha

Pauline Frederick in "Madame X"

material. He is not only a technician but a critic, as witness several previous books on films.

Besides the sparse documentation of the cinema is another limiting factor. Few, if any, film historians have had enough philosophy to treat the subject either with breadth, or in relation to economics, and the other big modern problems. For instance, Moussinac, though a communist and an internationalist, treated the history of the film in every country separately.

Rotha divides his films into three sections: Films of Fiction, Films of Fact, and Avant-Garde and Trick Films: each with sub-headings. This method of classification obstructs the study of the film as one developing whole.

It would have been an important contribution to cinema history to have added a series of portraits of early film actors, and to have devoted a separate section to production stills (of which Mr. Rotha doesn't give us enough). Many other subjects for additional chapters suggest themselves: studios, equipment, posters and, very urgently, cinemas themselves, now that some of the most charmingly typical of early picture houses are being pulled down and replaced all over the world.

The purpose of the book is not clear. But it does not set out to be comprehensive. It will give much harmless pleasure to thousands of members of film societies and innumerable film fans.

Films Increase Book Sales

By NORMAN WILSON

ADAPTING SCENARIOS from books, and often playing pitch-and-toss with the story, has long been a merry game of Hollywood and nearer home. Few adapted films, it is true, make "good cinema," but the majority provide satisfactory results at the box-office. Commercially that is sufficient justification for their production. On the same consideration how do they effect the finances of the authors, publishers and booksellers?

Do the sales of a book materially increase when it is filmed? Not always. Second-feature book films, for instance, seldom affect sales. The real "super" generally does, though largely in proportion to the extent the film's publicity is built round the reputation of the book. Everybody, for instance, had heard about *David Copperfield* though probably few of the younger generation had read it. M.G.M. made it their business to remind the world that it was a famous book. The inference was that it must be a great film. It is surprising how many people evidently believed so, for on the release of the film thousands of copies of the book were sold and, presumably, read.

It is not often that the sales of a book rise before the film is exhibited, but such was the case with Korda's *Things to Come*. H. G. Wells's fat prognostication *The Shape of Things to Come*, was everywhere in demand long before production was nearly complete, as was the publication of the scenario "treatment," boosted as a sensational development in literary technique. The astuteness of Korda's publicity in playing up the reputation of author and book has been clearly proved.

Among the filmed books which have shown the most marked increase in sales is Louisa M. Alcott's sentimental classic of American girlhood, *Little Women*. George Cukor's saccharine contribution to America's "decency" campaign must have brought many thousands of pounds to the book trade through the world. Likewise *Pollyanna*, though always a favourite, made new records when filmed. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Miss Barrett's Elopement*, *The Sign of the*

Cross, *The Informer*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *The Little Minister*, *Sanders of the River*, and *The Thirty-nine steps*, to name only a few titles at random, showed notable sales increases as soon as they were screened. Even *Bengal Lancer*, which almost everyone knew had little or nothing to do with the film, was largely in demand.

Public libraries, too, experience a heavy run on filmed books, especially when shown locally. They seldom, however, make any special effort to tie-up with the exhibition. The difficulty of doing so, as J. W. Forsyth, Dunfermline Carnegie librarian, explains, is that so great would be the demand for the books that the libraries could not afford to purchase a sufficient number of copies to cope with it. Within a few weeks most of these books, greatly in excess of normal requirements, would be dead stock. To get over this difficulty some libraries make special displays of books which have been filmed over a certain period, thus spreading the demand. Others, with perhaps greater usefulness, draw attention to books dealing with the subjects of given films. For instance, *Things to Come* might suggest several of Wells' own books, Bellamy's *Looking Backwards*, Stapledon's *First and Last Men*, Philip Gibbs's *The Day After To-morrow*, Birkenhead's *The World in 2030 A.D.*—though it is questionable if any public-controlled library would also display a selection of anti-war, Marxist or other political literature.

Whether or not novel-readers like to see their favourite books filmed is for Wardour Street to guess. Booksellers know that given right publicity book-films bring filmgoers into the bookshops. They are even so convinced that films can sell books that through their trade publicity organisation, the National Book Council, they have commissioned Strand Films to make *From Cover to Cover*, a documentary intended to show the ordinary filmgoer the romance and usefulness of books in everyday life.

Is not any film, however bad, performing a useful function if it sends even a few of its audience to read Dostoevsky or Shakespeare?

COLOUR CINEMATOGRAPHY by A. B. Klein (Chapman & Hall, 25s.). In order to dispel the "woeful lack" of knowledge of fundamental principles and the relative merits of new processes throughout the whole film world Major Klein, technical director of Gasparcolour, has written a comprehensive historical, theoretical and practical survey of colour cinematography. Each process is elaborately explained with full scientific and technical details, diagrams and illustrations. Aesthetics do not come within the sphere of the book, but the preface sensibly declares that: "As an expressive factor colour in itself must be subordinate to other factors which we recognise as outstanding in the talking picture. It is through the lack of recognition of this subordination that some of the worst mistakes will be made in the early history of the colour film. Because, unless the coloration actually contributes some further value to the power of the impression made on the mind by the film as a whole, its presence is unnecessary, and even disturbing and undesirable."

HISTOIRE DU CINEMA by Bardeche and Brasillach (Denoel et Steele).

Histoire du Cinema is a conscientious piece of work. Apart from its use as a reference book on films, it also tries to analyse the various movements which have influenced the progress of the cinema. In so doing, there is some danger of presenting ready-made critical judgments and rash generalisations about directional style, which vitiate the authority of the book as a whole.

It is interesting to note, for instance, that the authors apparently regard Cavalcanti as of the past, and make no mention of the revolutionary work he has done for sound in England during the last two years.

What is really needed is a real film dictionary, listing all productions chronologically, with the names of those who worked on them, a summary of the story, and a description of the style of the film (with as little subjective criticism as possible).

Meantime, Bardeche and Brasillach have, with the reservations noted, produced a really valuable book.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by H. E. Blyth

THE PETRIFIED FOREST. (Archie Mayo—Warner Bros.)

Leslie Howard, Bette Davis.

Here is a film that defies almost all Hollywood's most cherished beliefs, and laughs triumphantly in doing so. No picture was ever more in key with the perilous and saddening pessimism afflicting the world to-day. It is symbolical. Here is the weary traveller on life's high road, dusty, parched and brain-starved, resting at one of life's inns only to meet the love that leads nowhere except to self-sacrifice, the dangers of the wayside that lead only to death. A hostelry in the desert of petrification and carnage. Disillusionment is the menace. Complain if you must at the sentiment of the finish. This is still a picture that must, if you have any feelings, touch your soul. A rare enough thing to find in the cinema to-day.

—Sydney W. Carroll, *The Sunday Times*

(Cf. James Agate in "Month's Best Criticism.")

Adapted with particular skill and nicety from Robert Sherwood's stage play, it works out as an extremely intelligent, almost painfully sensitive, study of emotional impacts in the clear light before death in the Arizona desert. It presents an odd group of people in a ramshackle filling station, physically destroyed, but spiritually liberated by the fight between gangsters and State police. *The Petrified Forest* seems to me one of the most genuinely moving pictures I have seen for seasons; it gets under your skin and hurts and excites you; the shadow of the end is on the picture from the beginning, but when it comes it has the unexpected serenity and fitness of death.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

THE GREEN PASTURES. (Marc Connelly and William Keighley—Warner Bros.)

Rex Ingram, Oscar Polk, Eddie Anderson, Hank Wilson, Ernest Whitman, George Reed.

As everyone knows, *The Green Pastures* is a projection of the dreamy imaginings aroused in the minds of his listeners by an aged coloured preacher telling Old Testament stories to a children's Sunday School. One of the strong features of the play was the poverty-stricken bareness of the Heaven it portrayed. One of the principal dangers of the cinema was that Heaven would either be improved beyond any Southern piccaninny's dream or else that the artfulness of its simplicity might seem condescending. The producers have avoided both these pitfalls. Heaven has been improved, but only slightly. God is still a shabby negro preacher, calm, elderly and not too competent. He has notions what to do about the Earth but the notions do not often work. He is still puzzling when the picture ends.

—Time

No profane hands have been allowed, in the words of the Second Cleaning Angel, to "gold up" the marvellous and unforgettable felicities of Marc Connelly's naïve, ludicrous, sublime and heartbreaking masterpiece of American folk drama, *The Green Pastures*. It still has the rough beauty of homespun, the irresistible compulsion of simple faith. It ought not to be necessary to repeat the high-lights of a story which is changeless and eternal—when Eddie Anderson's superb

THE MONTH'S BEST CRITICISM

In *The Petrified Forest* Mr. Howard is given a defeatist to play and plays him admirably. Alan Squier is an unsuccessful novelist who hopes by what is virtually suicide to turn his own artistic failure into the self-fulfilment of an Arizona waitress. The waitress, who is half-French, wants to be a great figure and the fifth in a quintet whose other members are Joan of Arc, George Sand, Mme. Curie and the Dubarry. The two get held up by a bandit, and the author has himself shot so that he may die happy in the arms of his beloved. This seems to me to be a bit more of the preposterous nonsense so much in vogue to-day. The corrective for it is a passage from Stevenson, which I recommend to all modern espousers of this fashion, not forgetting my good friend, Mr. Charles Morgan:

"There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far way. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question."

But our novelist in this film has obviously read two standard works upon this question, *The Fountain* and *Sparkenbroke*. At least fountains of Sparkenbrokish stuff pour from him as he lies under the kitchen table in a beleaguered hut with rifle-fire pouring through the windows. The point arises as to whether pretentious nonsense masquerading as intellectuality is an advance. One wonders what Walthamstow and Barking will make of phrases like "pangs of frustration" and "apostle of individualism." The film is saved by the genuine wit with which Mr. R. E. Sherwood sprinkles his high-falutin'. It is remarkable for the acting of Mr. Humphrey Bogart as the "killer," whose every word I implicitly believed. One must always separate the part from the player. That Squier should be a vapouring ass does not detract from my admiration of Mr. Howard's presentation of the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive He. Miss Bette Davis plays the waitress with an industrious charm and a white of eye which would make the fortune of a rocking-horse.

—James Agate, *The Tatler*

Noah feels a twitch of his "buck aguer" and sure enough it turns out to be a sign of rain; when de Lawd tenderly leads the aged and dying Moses upward into a land "a million times nicer dan de land of Cane-yan," and when, after renouncing his people in wrath, he is won back by the wheedling of "de delegation" (Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses). Of such stuff is compounded not only the "divine comedy of the modern

theatre" but something of the faith that moves mountains. It is, indeed, hard not to like the simple and gratifying theology of *The Green Pastures* as much as anything about it. It has concreteness and gives one a nostalgic feeling that it ought to be true and that if it isn't we are all, somehow, obscurely the worst for it.

—B. R. C., *The New York Times*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. (Frank Lloyd—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone.

I think we are justified in a fairly sentimental gesture of gratitude to America for making this British patriotic picture. From first shot to last bar of recording it is a love-song to this island of sea-men, to their ships, and their stout hearts, their discipline and their integrity, to the course they hold to and the stars they follow. The Americans have, in generous measure, the quality of admiration, and it does not seem to them fulsome to praise the things they admire. The Americans believe that the British Navy has always been a darn good navy. In the *Bounty* film they say so.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

The movie people have done a good, solid, fine job with *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And in two aspects of the whole, I think, there are indications even of inspiration. There was something that we outsiders, anyhow, can call inspiration in the handling of the sea itself. It seemed to me that such care had been taken in all these scenes that I could detect the difference between the colour of the sky above the English Channel and that above the doldrums. The second item to be labelled under inspiration is Charles Laughton. I suspect Mr. Laughton enjoys showing us what a sense of duty can do to one. Bligh believes that a captain must behave as he did. He is heroic, judicious, and even fair in the crisis of the small boat on its four-thousand-mile voyage. In spite of the flogging, the torture, the maggots, Bligh is pitiful somehow, but that doesn't make him any less formidable.

—John Mosher, *The New Yorker*

Mutiny on the Bounty is the spirit of the British Empire shot on the wing, taken up tenderly, stuffed with care and presented on M.G.M.'s most shining platter. It has everything—romance, adventure, death, torture, the pangs of despised love, a chase, storms at sea, naval processions, and a good peppering with sadism. This gives the piece the most piquant box-office tang of the year. It is pointless to pretend to weigh it critically. Its price is in silver and braid. It's about men of steel and hearts of oak. If you want them take them. I'll take Shirley Temple and a heart of gold.

—Alistair Cooke

SUZY. (George Fitzmaurice—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, Lewis Stone.

Platinum blonde or brownette, Miss Harlow is, if she will pardon the expression, my meat. When, as in *Suzy*, she has a good role as a chorus girl barging about London and Paris during the

years of the World War, and is surrounded by competent colleagues, the total effect is almost too much. There hasn't been a good, rousing picture about World War aviators and blondes for quite a while, come to think of it. Franchot Tone, Cary Grant and Lewis Stone stand by Miss Harlow nobly, making *Suzy* something that you really ought to see.

—Russell Maloney, *The New Yorker*

Suzy must have been born under the sign of Capricorn. With padded horns of dialogue and venerable plot whiskers, it plunges across the screen, creates some mild excitement and careens out again, leaving us with a few æsthetic bruises and a feeling that a little fresh air would do no harm. Interest picks up when the denouement is reached, with the old spy ring taking an active part in the plot again, and the war is permitted to step between Miss Harlow and a four-inch lens. But it is scarcely adequate compensation for the romantic balderdash that has gone before.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

LABURNUM GROVE. (Carol Reed—B.F.D.)

Edmund Gwenn, Cedric Hardwicke, Victoria Hopper.

The film version of Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove* is, to all intents and purposes, a photographically exact reproduction of the play, which is the story of a decent suburban middle-aged householder, respectability written all over him, who is, on his own confession, a crook, and has been for years. Had this film been produced in Hollywood it might have been the greatest possible fun (it is that and more, already) but Mr. Priestley's tale might have "gone west" amid suburbanites and policemen engaged by the thousand.

—Philip Page, *The Sphere*

Here at last is an English film one can unreservedly praise. Nine directors out of ten would simply have canned the play for mass consumption: Mr. Reed has made a film of it. His camera has gone behind the dialogue, has picked out far more of the suburban background than Mr. Priestley could convey in dialogue or the stage illustrate between its three walls; the hideous variegated Grove itself, the bottled beer and the cold suppers, the crowded fernery, the little stuffy bedrooms with thin walls, and the stale cigarette smoke and Bertie's half-consumed bananas. Suburbia, one of the newest suburbias, where the gravel lies lightly still over what was grass and clover, insinuates itself into every shot.

—Graham Greene, *The Spectator*

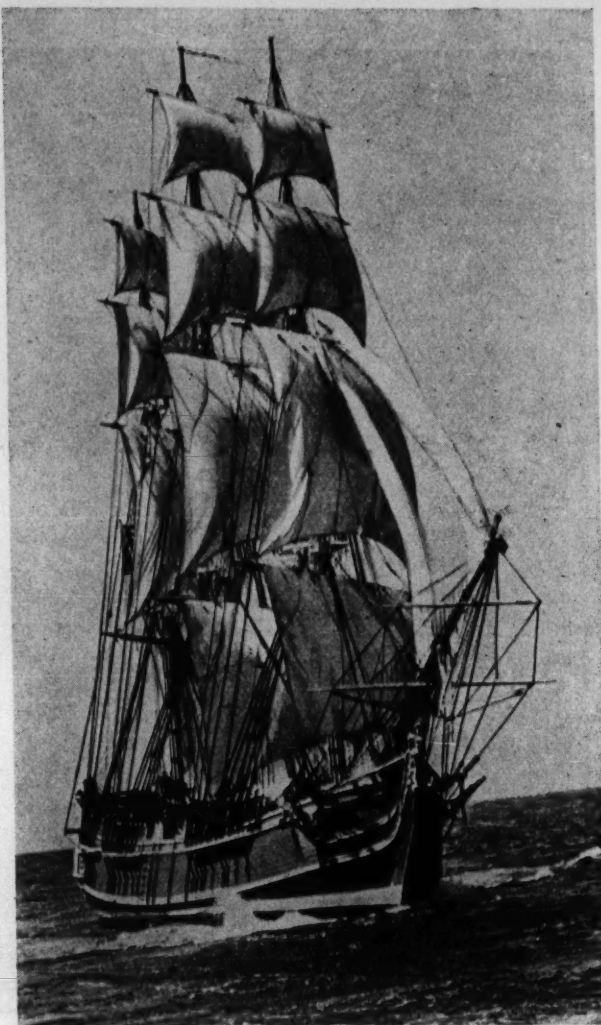
UNDER TWO FLAGS. (Frank Lloyd—Paramount.)

Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen, Ronald Colman, Rosalind Russell, Nigel Bruce.

The sequence of lurid romances which made "Ouida" so popular in the 'nineties has long since been forgotten. Yet a little more than a decade ago the silent film caught the imagination with a vigorous adaptation of *Under Two Flags*. In the present version of Ouida's drama of sacrificial love and punitive war there is no vitality; no Cigarette with life, and no desert that scorches. The scenes in the barracks, with which the film opens, have a studio atmosphere; the French legionnaires are obviously "extras" in uniform; and the battle an ill-managed Bisley.

—*The Times*

This tale of the Foreign Legion contains almost every known movie situation, some of



"Mutiny on the Bounty"



"A Tale of Two Cities"



"Under Two Flags" (Production still)

them convincing, many the opposite. I could never believe in this queer Claudette, who wore a Legion cap and followed the boys into the firing zone, nursed them, pampered them, and generally behaved like a character from E. M. Hull. Nor could I believe in this rivalry between Colonel McLaglen and Sergeant Colman, the

officer loving the Legion girl, the Legion girl loving the sergeant, and the sergeant loving the English aristocrat who turned up in richest Schiaparelli on the edge of the desert. It is swaggering, old-fashioned movie, unashamed hokum, produced with an eye to the ninepennies.

—Connery Chappell, *The Sunday Dispatch*

MICKEY'S POLO TEAM. (Walt Disney.)

Mickey Mouse and his pals, the big bad wolf and the enraged duck, are pictured in a polo game against the human comedians of the screen—Chaplin, Harpo Marx, Laurel and Hardy. Chaplin gets fairly gracious treatment—a light caricature of his use of the cane. Harpo Marx, mounted on an ostrich whose face is the twin of his own, is allowed to get a few laughs with his triumphantly nonsensical inventions. But Laurel and Hardy are pitilessly satirised, their narrow repertory of expressions reduced to a cartoon formula—Laurel's grin, Hardy's fumbling with his necktie. And Hardy is introduced by a close-up of a horse's behind. The cartoon is no sly commentary. It has a vicious undertone; and when the whole lot of Hollywood comedians are slammed off the screen in a terrific final collision, Disney seems to have expressed his opinion of Hollywood. The horses are triumphant, riding their actors at the close.

—Meyer Levin, *Esquire*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. (Jack Conway—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allen, Donald Woods, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Henry B. Walthall, Basil Rathbone.

Ronald Colman's performance as the whimsical, sardonic, dissolute Sydney Carton is the most brilliant of his career. He acts with such complete sincerity and conviction that he brings a dampness to the most cynical eye.

—*The Times of India*

I think it is probably a very superior piece of work, and I salute the producers for their enterprise. It just fidgeted me rather, the lines were so pat, and the love story so wistful, and the music "off" so incorrigibly ethereal. I had forgotten that Darnay was such a bore, and Lucie such a prig, and the great Sydney Carton such a thespian darling. But there is no doubt about the dramatic immortality of the story—so far as the cinema is concerned, it is a far, far better thing that Dickens does than he has ever done, and a far, far bigger public it goes to than he has ever known.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS. (William K. Howard—Paramount.)

Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Alison Skipworth.

With the subtlety of a sledge hammer, the film pounds away at the pin-sized story about the ambitious Brooklyn girl who poses as a princess to win a Hollywood movie contract. Dressed up with a few shipboard murders, a romance with a personable concertina player and the usual gold-and-ivory Paramount settings, *The Princess Comes Across* just about gets across as a mild-to-boresome comedy.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

The princess is on her way to act in Hollywood, and the Royal lips, sharing with us a liking for make-believe, have uttered nothing but "whoppers." The wide spaces of mid-ocean provide the isolation necessary for this happy type of social comedy; aboard this ship a neat phrase is of more account than a sensible act elsewhere. One smiles and is content. Though the ice may be brittle-thin and growing hourly more transparent, the depths so inconsiderately revealed



"Seven Sinners"

are less murky than untimely—one movement of Mr. Fred MacMurray's expressive shoulders will brush the inconvenience out of the story.

—*The Times*

SEVEN SINNERS. (Albert de Courville—Gaumont-British.)

Constance Cummings, Edmund Lowe.

The general quality of the film is melodramatic, almost in the "thick ear" sense, but it is relieved in that respect by the pictorial skill of the rail disasters, the shrewd wit of the dialogue, the intimate revelations of skilled detective methods, and the ingenuity of the climax, in which the villain is shot soon after seeing one of his own smashes on the screen at a G.-B. News Theatre.

—G. A. Atkinson, *The Sunday Referee*

Seven Sinners is an English film remarkable in that it has no cluster of stars, no midnight preview, no big press campaign, but is a competent, sparkling, fast-moving, well directed and well acted film. The story deals with a train-wrecking criminal whose identity is kept secret till the last reel. No single aspect of the film stands out, but every element, from direction to decor, fits in its place, without dislodging its neighbour. *Seven Sinners* makes no film history, but is worth seeing.

—*The New Statesman and Nation*

OURSELVES ALONE. (Brian Desmond-Hurst—B.I.P.)

John Lodge, Niall MacGinnis, John Loder, Antoinette Cellier.

The grim realism of *The Informer* still lingers in the memory. It remains the classic film of the Irish Revolution. When you see this British effort, you will guard yourself against all unfair-mindedness. If you can, your honest, unbiased opinion of *Ourself Alone* must be that it is an equally praiseworthy piece of work.

—Sydney W. Carroll, *The Sunday Times*

Mr. Brian Desmond-Hurst's *Ourself Alone* is one of the silliest pictures which even an English studio has yet managed to turn out. It has been extravagantly praised, even compared favourably with *The Informer*, and yet I defy any normal person to find more than one effective sequence, more than one good sentence, in this sentimental and melodramatic story of the Irish Rebellion.

—Graham Greene, *The Spectator*

It is a thoroughly English film. Clearly whoever decides these things thought that "young Irish hearts in rebellion fighting for freedom and ideals" as the publicity puts it, was not enough. Box office demanded more. So we have a nice triangle between best friends John Lodge and John Loder, as officers in the R.I.C., and the girl Maureen (Antoinette Cellier). All of this is tucked on to a really exciting picture of Irish rebellion. *The Informer* wedded the material to individuals and created a natural whole; *Ourself Alone* never achieves this.

—*The New Statesman and Nation*

SATAN MET A LADY. (William Dieterle—Warner Bros.)

Bette Davis, Warren William, Arthur Treacher, Alison Skipworth.

A cynical farce of elaborate and sustained cheapness, it causes intelligent actors and actresses to behave like numskulls and deserves to be quoted as a classic of dullness. So disconnected and lunatic are the picture's incidents, so irrelevant and monstrous its people, that one lives through it in constant expectation of seeing a group of uniformed individuals appear suddenly from behind the furniture and take the entire cast into protective custody.

—B. R. C., *The New York Times*



"A Night at the Opera"

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. (Sam Wood—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)
The Marx Brothers.

A Night at the Opera, which is, oddly enough, quite largely about a night at the opera, seems to be the best of all the Marx Brothers pictures so far. A book could be written—if Harpo didn't eat it first, or Groucho and Chico tear it up page by page—on the art of the Marxes. You could call it surrealism, or destructivism, or dadaism, or what about that -ism that all depends on the use of staircases? You could analyse its clear, cold illogic, entirely divorced from emotion. There is nothing persuasive about the Marx Brothers. Nothing could cajole you into loving that pop-eyed trio against your will. They are like tripe or creme de menthe, the murder game, or Hitler. You take them, or you don't take them. Personally, I take them, and, as man says to-day so simply and elliptically, how.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

A Night at the Opera had every virtue that *Modern Times* lacked. Beautifully and carefully built by George Kaufman, pruned by a preliminary road-tour on which the perceptive Harpo kept a critical notebook, it came sprucely to Hollywood without the old cluttering of irrelevant whimsy, without having to snatch gags from the air to fill in ninety minutes. The Marx Brothers are not unique. They are a thousand American comedians brought to the boil. And their dialogue always has a pointed application (Bloomsbury, unaware of the institution being parodied, takes refuge in calling it surrealism).

—Alistair Cooke, *Sight and Sound*

THE SINGING KID. (William Keighley—First National.)
Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, Cab Calloway, Edward Everett Horton.

Staggering from the London Pavilion into the carbon-monoxide of Piccadilly Circus, I felt that

not only could one have too much of Al Jolson, but also that Cab Calloway and Band in the same picture made me appreciate the soothing peace of road-drills. —P. L. Mannoek, *The Daily Herald*

Sybil Jason supports Al Jolson, a gentleman whose curious preoccupation with the mammy of the species has never justified his existence, so far as I am concerned. Jolson is one of those personality players who can only get over in pictures if they happen to have personality, which is a rude remark and intended to imply that where Mr. Jolson is concerned my perception is underdeveloped.

—Connery Chappell, *The Sunday Dispatch*

AND SUDDEN DEATH. (Charles Barton—Paramount.)

Frances Drake, Randolph Scott, Tom Brown.

How well Hollywood can punch a message home on the rare occasions when it has one to deliver. Here is Paramount saying "Drive carefully" in a vigorous and interesting film. The hero is a traffic superintendent (Randolph Scott), the heroine a rich girl (Frances Drake) with an itch for speed. The picture bears the stamp of fearful reality in its road scenes, and has its romantic idyll, too. —Stephen Watts, *The Sunday Express*

The film isn't as violent a lecture as you might expect, and it is considerably padded with the gentle romance between the officer in charge of traffic and the beautiful heiress who likes to hit seventy. In spite of its substantial subject matter, the picture is pretty much on the light side.

—John Mosher, *The New Yorker*

MARY OF SCOTLAND—(John Ford—RKO)
Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March.

There is a blend of excellence and mere adequacy in this picture which curbs our tongue when we would use the word "magnificent,"

and limits us to the less glowing epithet "impressive." A loud and blustering adventure story one minute, a poignant tragedy of two lovers the next, *Mary of Scotland* is almost as contradictory a picture as its subject has been under the eyes of her many biographers. Miss Hepburn's performance is at variance with the accepted notion of Mary in those moments where boldness, implacability and high resolve were needed; but she is altogether admirable in those scenes where the Queen was womanly, tender, impetuous and of high courage. Had she been able to meet both moods, she might have counted it her greatest characterisation.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

Mary of Scotland (RKO) presents Mary Stuart (Katharine Hepburn) as a somewhat jittery young woman who suffers the extraordinary penalty of having her head chopped off for nothing much more than a blunder by her social secretary.

Playwrights of historical drama are indisputably licensed to rewrite history. Equally indisputably, the licence must be earned by writing drama. The fault in *Mary of Scotland*—a prose adaptation by Dudley Nichols of Maxwell Anderson's blank verse stage piece—is not that its most dramatic moments (e.g. Elizabeth's visit to Mary in the Tower of London) are apocryphal; it is that its most historically conscientious moments are not dramatic. To show the basic cause of Mary's downfall as a blunder by well-meaning Rizzio may be good history but it is bad fiction. It transforms her career from high tragedy to a series of unhappy accidents.

—Time

W.F.N. SELECTION

<i>The Green Pastures</i>	**
<i>Mutiny on the Bounty</i>	*
<i>The Petrified Forest</i>	*
<i>A Night at the Opera</i>	*
<i>A Tale of Two Cities</i>	*

FILMS COVERED IN THIS ISSUE

The Petrified Forest
The Green Pastures
Mutiny on the Bounty
Suzy
Laburnum Grove
Mickey's Polo Team
A Tale of Two Cities
The Princess Comes Across
And Sudden Death
Ourselves Alone
Under Two Flags
Satan Met a Lady
Seven Sinners
A Night at the Opera
The Singing Kid
Mary of Scotland

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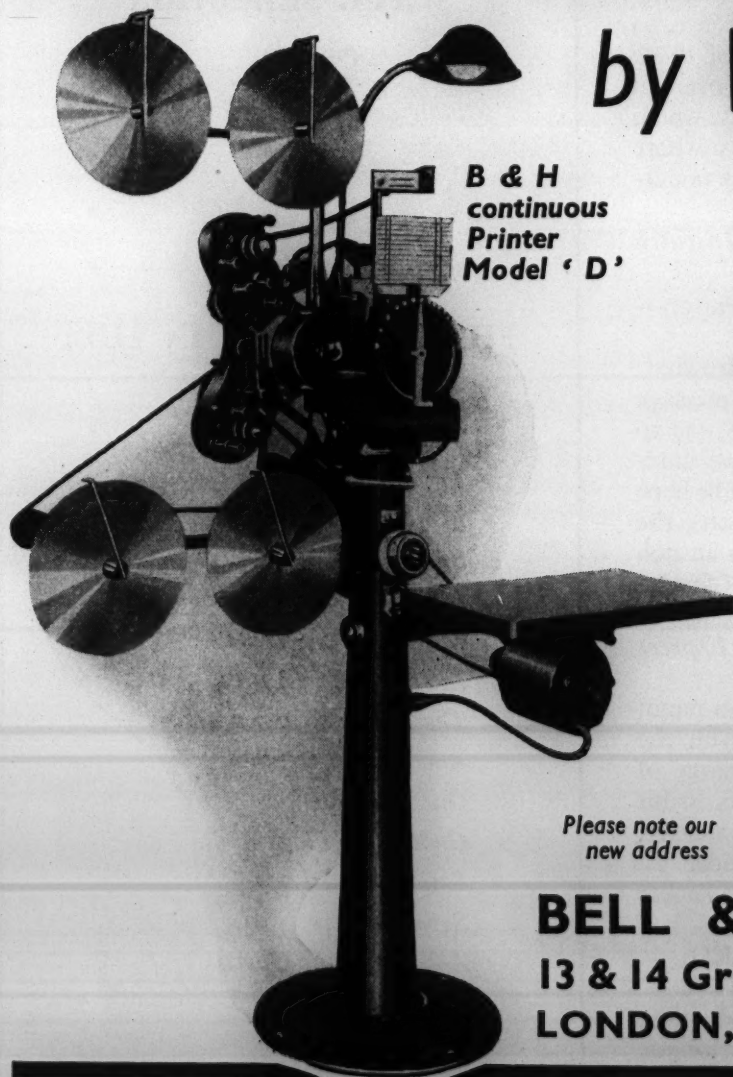
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Television fails to reach Home-Movie Standard, say Americans

THE VEIL of secrecy surrounding R.C.A.'s research into television was partly drawn aside when the Corporation recently staged a demonstration in New York to an invited audience of 225 of its own licensees.

Since June 29th, when the 10-kilowatt transmitter at the summit of the Empire State Building was officially opened, R.C.A. engineers have worked day and night to make the first performance a smooth one. Early tests confronted them with noise in the amplifiers and a none-too-clear image. But by the date-line of the show the transmitter, together with its iconoscope cameras and film-reproducing equipment, was working its best.

Speeches by R.C.A. chiefs opened the proceedings. Major-General J. G. Harbord (Chairman) and David Sarnoff (President) reviewed the march of television progress. Then Otto S. Shairer (Vice-President, and R.C.A.'s patents officer) informed the gathering that although there were now only three television receivers operating in the city area, he estimated that within a short time the corporation would have more than a hundred licensed receivers distributed at various points for testing purposes. The design of commercial receivers, he said, had not up to the present been planned.

The show proper then began. The programme consisted of:—

1. Dance by twenty girls, introduced as the Water Lily Ensemble.
2. Televised films: Views of the "Mercury" streamlined express, and fashion models from a Fifth Avenue store.
3. Interviews with leaders of the radio industry.
4. Sketches by Henry Hull (well-known American writer), Graham MacNamee (crack announcer) and Ed Wynn (radio comedian).
5. Televised film: U.S. Army manoeuvres.

The size of the images was seven by five inches and their quality is reported as "faintly greenish in colour." A description of the receiving set used says that in operation the cabinet lid is tilted, and the spectator may see the reflected picture in a mirror on its under side. This tallies closely with the receiver at present made by the Baird Company in England, but the Baird set gives a pure black and white image and a considerably larger picture.

The show stirred its audience into opinion and controversy. One expert present said: "Extremely interesting, but a long way off the home. Does not equal home movies in clarity or dimension of picture, although the images were splendid in the conditions." The reference to home-movie standards arises from a note by the American Radio Manufacturers' Association in which they claim that television, before becoming a commercial proposition, must achieve technical conditions in which any set can receive any transmission within range, with a picture comparable to home-movie quality.

An interesting upshot of the demonstration was that uninvited listeners, eavesdropping on the performance by means of specially built ultra-short-wave receivers, were able to pick up images as far as ninety miles away from the transmitter. This seems to indicate that the B.B.C. engineers,

in claiming for Alexandra Palace a probable range of only 25 miles, may be speaking with the voice of cautious pessimism.

Meanwhile general American opinion concurs with a report by the Research Council of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which appeared simultaneously with the R.C.A. demonstration. This report states that "television has reached a point in its laboratory development where a small picture with moderate entertainment value can be transmitted, but with far more complicated equipment than motion picture recording and sound broadcasting require."

Meanwhile the extent to which America is guided by British television development is indicated by the fact that since the demonstration in New York, David Sarnoff has crossed to London and visited Gerald Cock at the B.B.C. Following his investigation of British progress, he is reported to have moved on to Berlin to examine the television plans of the TeleFunken company.



E.M.I. Television Camera

French Listeners Demand Peace by Radio

"Radio, fruit of the disinterested labour of scientists and research-workers, and one of the most marvellous discoveries of the human brain, has been diverted from the uses to which history and civilisation demand that it should be put.

"To bring men together and so serve the cause of peace, to widen education, to disseminate culture, to bring knowledge and beauty to every fireside: these are the great tasks which the power of money has forbidden radio to fulfil.

"The great mass of listeners, ever seeking progress and liberty, have so far submitted to the conditions which have been forced upon them. They have submitted through lack of organisation.

"From this discontent among listeners the conception of Radio Liberté arose."

So begins the manifesto of Radio Liberté, an association formed in January of this year to further the interests of French wireless listeners.

Within six months of its foundation Radio Liberté has gained a membership of 35,000 spread over 70 branches in various parts of France.

Radio Liberté's demands include: better programmes all round; radio to serve the cause of peace wherever possible; suppression of the censorship; abolition of private sponsored transmission. Its main activities are the publication of a monthly bulletin, hitherto confined to members, but soon to be available to the public, the organisation of lectures, and the maintenance of advisory departments on legal and technical questions relating to radio.

The Administrative Council is headed by Paul Langewin, Professor of the Collège de France, and includes among its members Vaillant-Couturier (chief editor of *Humanité*), Léon Blum (Premier), Pierre Cot (Minister for Air), and Edouard Serre (Technical Director of Air France). The 'Comité d'Honneur' includes M. Daladier,

M. Frot, M. Piot (editor of *L'Oeuvre*), and a formidable list of senators, deputies and councillors.

Under French broadcasting law, government radio stations are run by a committee of twenty, of which ten members represent listeners and ten the government. The committees are elected every two years. Radio Liberté is petitioning the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs to hold an election next January (although one is not normally due) in order to gain representation for its growing membership.

The detailed programme of the association, issued with the manifesto, includes the following specific demands:—

Suppression of the censorship, since it has no place under a democratic régime.

Access to the microphone for leaders of political parties, and for the spokesmen of economic and social organisations.

Reduction of the radio tax.

Tax-free radio for unemployed, for old-age pensioners, for disabled ex-servicemen, and for the victims of industrial accidents.

Immediate closing-down of transmitting stations which do not serve the great centres of population (e.g. Ile de France, Rennes, Radio-Cité).

Revision of the Lucerne wave-length agreement in order to overcome present jamming between European stations.

Relaying of aesthetically important events of all kinds, including the activities of cultural associations, both from within France and from other countries.

Full transmission or subsequent reporting of great social events. Broadcasting of important debates in the Chambre and the Sénat.

Relaying of courses from the Sorbonne which have a general educational, scientific or social value.



The B.B.C. Recording Van on the "Royal Sovereign"

Battleships and Broadcasting

By LAURENCE GILLIAM

During Navy Week the B.B.C. Feature Department broadcast a programme dealing with a routine day on board a battleship. This actuality programme represented a great advance on previous efforts in treatment and dramatisation of material. The sequence showing the handling of the ship in battle-practice was perhaps the best piece of creatively constructed sound the B.B.C. has yet done.

In this article, Laurence Gilliam, the producer of the programme, outlines what was involved in its making and indicates how the new production methods may be developed in future actuality work.

Every producer knows the difference between a good natural subject and one which he has to twist and torture to the demands of his medium. What made a battleship a good "natural" for broadcasting was, first, the appeal which things naval and mechanical have, and, more important, the complete and self-contained character of the ship—a quality which maintained the unity of the scene in spite of the many perplexing technicalities. As an instrument a battleship is so precise, so ordered to the demands of its job, that any exposition of it, either in sound or in pictures, acquires a satisfactory shape if it can remain faithful to the original.

The theme of the programme was a simple one—a picture in sound of a day in the life of a battleship. The script made provision for a possible, if not a normal day, covering the ship's routine, calling the hands at five-thirty, preparing for sea, leaving harbour, then a middle section of battle practice, and finally, the return to harbour. Five days were allotted for recording. The first two were spent in reconnaissance and tests, and "shooting" was to continue for three days.

Our unit numbered seven; there was Woodroffe, the commentator, two recording engineers, two assistants, the van driver, who acted on board as an additional assistant, and myself.

The recording van, equipped with double turntable disc recorders, was hoisted on board and lashed to the boat deck. The boat deck was chosen as the most convenient central and stable position, as we intended to record both in harbour and at sea.

The general plan for each day's recording was worked out on the previous night with the Commander. The van's resources allowed four microphone positions to be operating at any one moment, but in practice we found it simpler to run the leads out to each position in turn. In this way we covered the main scenes—the quarter deck, the mess decks, the fore bridge, the gun turrets and the fo'c'sle. The Admiral's sea cabin became a permanent studio, ideal in acoustic until we discovered that the crank of the helm from the fore bridge to the engine-room passed right through it.

Looking back on it now, it all seems rather queer and strange—being called in one's cabin with tea about five o'clock, getting into a curiously miscellaneous uniform of flannels, sea boots and muffler, and stumbling up on deck to meet the strange contours of a battleship in the light of early morning.

One of our first sequences was the recording of 'the hands' being called. We had concealed microphones in the mess decks and hoped to get some authentic free-and-easy "wild track." We were not too successful, although we tried every morning, getting little beyond an assortment of early morning coughs, or the rattle of a tea-can; the Navy, we found, were distressingly silent at this time of the morning. We had better luck with other parts of the routine. "Hands falling in" yielded little apart from a brisk succession of orders, bugle-calls and doubling feet; but with the ceremonies of "Colours" and "Divisions and Prayers," the microphone had something to bite on. The quarter deck at "Colours," with the ranks of the ship's company in the rig of the day, the Royal Marine Band, the officers in blue and gold, the lively airs and the slow hoisting of the White Ensign had a

formal quality well suited to a sound description. "Divisions and Prayers" an hour later had the same static ceremonial quality; a little startling to the unaccustomed ear when the final "amen" was followed after about one second's pause with the brisk order: "Divisions—shun" from the Commander; you can watch and pray on a battleship, but not for long.

The next episode, "hoisting the cutter," had much more movement about it and in spite of technicalities gave scope for a real sound picture with the orders repeated in the bell-like voice of the bos'n, the tramp of the feet of the hauling party, the sound of the "falls" as the cutter was hoisted up to the davit head. Commentary over this, explaining each order and its effect, added perspective to the scene.

Our next sequence was designed to show the battleship in action. Here again it seemed most effective to recapture the ship's actual routine. The sequence started with the report: "Enemy in sight." The reaction of the Flag Ship to this information was traced at three points. First, in the fore top, where the spotting officer and his assistants, searching the horizon through binoculars, passed their comments through voice-pipes strapped to their chests down to the transmitting station. Second, in the transmitting station, four decks down, where the information was correlated by mechanical range-finders and passed back to the fore top and the turrets. Third, in the gun turret, the most dramatic place in the whole ship; a circular steel tomb, crammed with sixty-odd men, gathered round the gleaming breeches of the fifteen-inch guns. It sounded like hell with the lid off, with an incessant din of orders repeated and shouted against the clang and roar of loading and reloading the guns.

In this firing sequence, the whole complex organisation of the ship, human and mechanical, was concentrated on one subject. By cross-cutting the different scenes in the process, one was able to give a cross-section of a battleship in action which was practically self-explanatory and indeed one which few whose whole lives are spent on the job ever get so completely.

Then came the aircraft attack. Here again the sound scheme was simple enough; after the report "enemy aircraft bearing red six five" the microphone swung from approaching aircraft to gun stations. As the aircraft drew nearer, the ship opened fire. First the anti-aircraft guns, then, as bombers zoomed down, one by one the rest of the ship's armament, pom poms and machine guns, came into play. So from these two distinct sound elements, zooming aircraft and gun fire, one was able to build up a picture of the aircraft attack which spoke for itself.

We ended the programme by contrasting the grimness of the battle practice with some of the aspects of the unofficial life on the ship—recreations, personalities and types peculiar to the battleship. We grouped them together in a "Dog Watch" sequence. Here we were up against more familiar problems of microphone interviewing and reporting. Such things as the ship's unofficial band with its experts on drums and spoons, its tap dancer and its announcer, the sounds of physical training and games on the quarter deck, and the contrasted voices of such odd job men as the wardroom attendant, the temperature man, the ship's barber and the tailor, enabled us to reflect the very real change that comes over a battleship after the "Stand easy" has been sounded.

Children Should Plan School Broadcasts

This plea for a Children's Broadcasting Society comes from a practising teacher of foreign languages who has made a wide study of the problems and opportunities of school radio.

AT PRESENT, the role of children in the Children's Hour is mainly that of listeners. Only occasionally do they appear at the microphone to act small parts which have been assigned to them. Therefore they have no active influence on Broadcasting at all. Adult opinion, on the other hand, differs widely concerning the purpose of the Children's Hour. Many hold this purpose to be pure entertainment, something "to occupy their minds." Others lay stress upon the value of information additional to that received in school, and a third group wish to give scope to those interests which can only be superficially stimulated during school hours.

Little information is as yet available about the reaction of the average child to the Children's Hour. But there are at hand studies of child development in general on which experiments might be based. The important age group from 7 to 11 years is covered by the Report of the Consultative Committee on the Primary School (Board of Education, 1931). Its general conclusions as set out in the introduction to the Report, may well be applied beyond the limits of school education. "Man is a social animal, and the school is a society. The school . . . is able to offer fuller and more varied opportunities for activity than is possible for a single family." Broadcasting can do so as well. Its task is to help develop the social side in children as well as the imaginative and intellectual. The value of tales about fairies and animals is indisputable. Equally indisputable is the value of realistic accounts of historic or present-day events. But there seems to

Battleships and Broadcasting—(cont.)

I think the main lesson to be learnt from this show was the importance of commentary to recorded documentary. In this naval programme the difficulty was intensified by the fact that the sounds are unfamiliar to a very large part of the audience. Sounds of bugle calls and orders make strange and attractive patterns, but if left to speak for themselves would become unintelligible. So commentary was made to take the foreground. All commentary was recorded on board immediately after the shooting of any particular scene; in this way we were able to make notes of our first-hand impressions. From these roughs the final commentary was written and re-recorded after the sound sequences has been cut. Of great assistance in capturing the "eye-witness" quality was the method by which Woodroffe was able to post-record his commentary, listening on head-phones to the sounds of the scene he was describing, instead of working "cold" from script.

This was the first full-length feature programme to be transmitted entirely from records. It ran for forty-five minutes, and was based on roughly 1,000 minutes of recorded material. To the film director this may seem a small margin, but to the radio producer, it represents a fairly high costing.

be a gap between the imaginative and the realistic side in broadcasting to children. I suggest this gap can be bridged by one thing only: co-operation of the children themselves.

In what way can children co-operate in broadcasting? That is the question which should be solved by experiment based upon experience. Here again, the recommendations of the Consultative Committee are of value. They speak of "the large place which should be given to games, singing, dancing, drawing, acting and craftsmanship." They describe children of Primary School age as "active and inquisitive, delighting in movement, in small tasks that they can perform with deftness and skill; . . . intensely interested in the character and purpose—the shape, form, colour and use—of the materials around them; at once absorbed in creating their own miniature world of imagination and emotion, and keen observers who take pleasure in reproducing their observations by speech and dramatic action." Here, I think, we have a recipe which is far from being applied at the moment. If it were to be tried, the following might be the first practical steps:

- (1) Form a National Children's Broadcasting Society with as many local groups as possible.
- (2) Co-opt into each group adult specialists on every aspect of broadcasting, *i.e.* writers, critics, technicians, teachers, artists, musicians.
- (3) Encourage the children to bring to their group ideas and initiative of their own. Try their suggestions experimentally *under conditions similar to wireless transmission and reception.*
- (4) Select from each group the best results of such experiments to be tried out as items in the Children's Hour.

By such a method, contact might at last be established between the children who form the audience and the broadcasting service which is destined to reach them.

British Television News

The British Standards Institute is engaged in seeking standard definitions for technical terms used in television engineering. It is expected that their recommendations, if accepted, will do much to prevent a confusion similar to that which grew up during the first years of radio manufacture.

It will be remembered that the court of arbitration held under the auspices of the B.S.I. early this year did good service to the non-theatrical field by clearing up the muddle resulting from the existence of two conflicting sets of 16-mm. sound film standards.

The first test transmissions from Alexandra Palace were broadcast on August 12th. The Baird system was used. The tests consisted of televised films and included excerpts from the Gaumont-British News, *Chu Chin Chow* and a Grace Moore film.

No transmission schedule is announced, but owners of reception sets should be able to pick up sound and picture nearly every day from now onwards. The sound wavelength is 7.2 metres and the visual 6.7 metres.

B.B.C. Events

Tuesday, Sept. 1st, 8.0 p.m.: *Light Fare*. (Producer, Ernest Longstaffe.) NATIONAL. 8.20 p.m.: Dvorak Promenade Concert. REGIONAL.

★Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 8.0 p.m.: Bach Promenade Concert. NATIONAL. 11.5 p.m.: Walker Cup Commentaries from America. NATIONAL.

Thursday, Sept. 3rd, 3.50 p.m.: Talk, *Taste and Tradition*. John Davenport. NATIONAL. 8.40 p.m.: Sandy Powell's Road Show Company. (Producer, A. W. Hanson.) NATIONAL.

Friday, Sept. 4th, 7.25 p.m.: Blackpool Concert Party. NATIONAL. 8.20 p.m.: Beethoven Promenade Concert. NATIONAL.

Saturday, Sept. 5th, 4.15 p.m.: Ulster T.T. Race from Belfast. NATIONAL. 7.30 p.m.: Feature programme, *Fishery Port*. NATIONAL.

★10.10 p.m.: *The King of Spain's Daughter*. (Producer, John Cheate.) NATIONAL. 8.35 p.m.: Variety from Radiolympia. REGIONAL.

Monday, Sept. 7th, 8.0 p.m.: *Love at Par*. (Mabel Constanduros and Peter Haddon.) NATIONAL. 8.0 p.m.: Wagner Promenade Concert. REGIONAL.

Tuesday, Sept. 8th, 8.55 p.m.: Feature Programme, *The Woman's Movement*. (M. Allen.) REGIONAL.

Wednesday, Sept. 9th, 1.0 p.m.: Seventeenth Century Contemporaries, Handel and Purcell. NATIONAL. 8.45 p.m.: Variety Feature. REGIONAL.

★Thursday, Sept. 10th, 8.0 p.m.: Sibelius Promenade Concert. NATIONAL. 8.0 p.m.: *Evergreens of Jazz*. (George Scott.) REGIONAL.

Monday, Sept. 14th, 8.30 p.m.: Variety, *Three Musketeers*. REGIONAL.

Tuesday, Sept. 15th, 2.0 p.m.: Opening of Johannesburg Exhibition. NATIONAL.

★8.10 p.m.: *The Black Eye*. (Bridie.) NATIONAL.

Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 8.0 p.m.: Handel and Bach Promenade Concert. NATIONAL.

Saturday, Sept. 19th, 8.30 p.m.: Music Hall. NATIONAL.

★Sunday, Sept. 20th, 9.0 p.m.: Intercontinental Feature from America. REGIONAL.

Monday, Sept. 21st, 10.30 p.m.: Commentary on International 6-day Cycle Race, Wembley. NATIONAL.

★8.0 p.m.: *The Calendar*. Edgar Wallace. (Producer, Gielgud.) REGIONAL.

Wednesday, Sept. 23rd, 8.0 p.m.: *Patricia Brent, Spinster*. Herbert Jenkins. (Producer, Max Kester.) REGIONAL. 9.0 p.m.: Feature Programme, *Dirleton Castle*. REGIONAL.

Thursday, Sept. 24th, 8.0 p.m.: Medtner and Mussorgsky Promenade Concert. NATIONAL.

★9.20 p.m.: Talk by B.B.C. Controller of Programmes. (C. G. Graves.) NATIONAL.

Friday, Sept. 25th, 10.10 p.m.: Feature Programme: *The Fishing Industry*. NATIONAL.

Saturday, Sept. 26th, 8.30 p.m.: Variety. NATIONAL. 9.5 p.m.: Discussion, *That Women and Children should not be saved first*. REGIONAL.

★Monday, Sept. 28th, 9.0 p.m.: Feature Programme, *Television*. NATIONAL.

Tuesday, Sept. 29th, 8.0 p.m.: Mozart-Haydn Promenade Concert. NATIONAL. 9.15 p.m.: Recorded Feature, *Election of Lord Mayor of London*. REGIONAL.

★Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 8.0 p.m.: *Sailors of Cattaro*. Wolff. (Producer, Barbara Burnham.) NATIONAL. 8.25 p.m.: Bach Promenade Concert. REGIONAL.

Hollywood Manufactures Snow

By H. CHEVALIER

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST technical triumph is a machine for producing real snow. It has been used for the past three months on a huge "refrigerated" set for Republic's *Hearts in Bondage*.

To manufacture the snow three-hundred-pound blocks of ice are crushed and fed by conveyor to a special aerated blower. Particles of pulverised ice are forced through a flexible nozzle and the result is a snowstorm.

It was first of all necessary to erect a special building convertible into a sound stage, the walls of which were insulated with 14 inches of heat resistant material. Incidentally this material proved to have sound absorbent qualities, but minor difficulties from an acoustical point of view appeared when the interior finish of hard pine was found to reverberate to the slightest noise. This was finally overcome by the use of ozite hung on the walls and distributed in sections along the ceiling a few feet below the main refrigerating coil.

Frozen ice ponds in their normal wintry conditions had to be created and here the problem was to obtain a correct sound rendering of the slithering of skates upon ice. Floor noise tended to interfere, until a solution was found in flooding layers of pre-cooled water directly on top of a layer of acoustical material. The water was allowed to freeze in the temperature of the stage and a smooth ice surface was the result.

These, however, were minor difficulties compared with the problem of the enormous heat given out by the studio lamps. The scenes to be shot necessitated the use of 40 to 50 lamps with a total lighting load of 200 kilowatts.

One kilowatt of electricity generates a heat content of 3,240 British thermal units per hour and it was reckoned that 57 tons of ice per hour would be necessary to absorb the heat of the lamps. To this it was necessary to add the amount of heat given off by a crew and cast of 100 people.

Another serious factor was the necessity for removing the gases from the arc lamps and the vitiated air and replacing with pre-cooled air. A pre-cooling "bunker" system was installed. It consists of about 6,000 feet of two-inch ammonia piping and an additional four miles of piping for the ceiling of the stage. The fresh air is drawn over the whole of this system by a 25,000 cubic feet per minute pressure-blower which in turn delivers the air under a pressure of one ounce into the stage. Foul air is expelled through a suitable hatch controlled by an elaborate counter-weight system. Recirculation fans are able to lower the temperature to zero if required, and under these conditions the actors' breath is visible and the maintenance of sets of real ice and snow made possible for an indefinite period.

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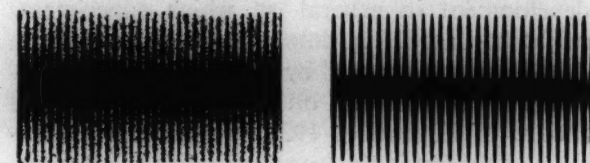
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Ultra-Violet Recording Gives Clearer Results

Photography plays an essential part in sound recording. Sound waves are turned electrically into fluctuations of a beam of light, which either oscillates (variable area) or varies in intensity (variable density) according to the system used. These fluctuations of light are reproduced photographically on film. The electrical system is far advanced towards perfection, and now attention is being turned to improving the technique of photographing the light beam.

To date, two factors have militated against the successful photographic reproductions of sounds of all pitches. First, the colour of the light beam has been white. As is well known, white light is made up of a variety of coloured lights mixed together. Each of these coloured components of white light has a different focal length. This means that no lens can bring them all into focus at the same point on the film, and the image is slightly blurred. If the light beam could be made up of a single colour instead of white, such blurring could be reduced.

Secondly, white light affects the emulsion



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around the point where it strikes ('halation'), penetrates through the emulsion, reaches the film base and is reflected back. These things again cause blurring. Such blurring of the photographic image has bad effects, particularly in the recording of high-pitched voices or sounds. It is notoriously difficult to record an "S" sound.

R.C.A. Photophone have turned their attention to improving these points. They have developed a new light system using a beam of ultra-violet light invisible to the eye. By this means, not only can the light beam be accurately focused, but in addition ultra-violet light cuts down halation. The new sound track, it is claimed, is cleaner and clearer, and the range of recording has been greatly improved.

It seems likely that you will now be able to hear the voices of your favourite stars reproduced more accurately and that the voices of many attractive personalities, debarred from the screen by difficulties implicit in recording their voices, will now be presented. The advantages in the recording of orchestral music are of course considerable. Kurt Weill, the composer, is an enthusiastic champion of the ultra-violet method. A. E.

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Newsreel lacks Drama, says editor of *Daily Sketch*

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There are millions of newsreel fans, but they are slow to criticise the newsreel. They are terrified into submission by the false shibboleth that the camera cannot lie, whereas by sins of omission and commission it may be as expert an Ananias as the printed word.

But you can't invent news, they say . . .

Hence this interview, bringing with it that rarity—constructive criticism.

It comes from one who, although outside the film world, is particularly well qualified to give it—the editor of a great picture newspaper.



A. W. F. Sinclair

So, amid the whirr of tape machines, the shouts of "Copy, Boy!" the distant swearing of 'subs,' the drumming of reporters' heels on table tops, I found my way to the office of the editor of the *Daily Sketch*.

As I stood hesitating, a young man in a hurry surprised me by pushing open the door without knocking.

I stood back politely. After all, one never knows how powerful these young private secretaries may be.

He looked at me enquiringly. "Did you want to see me?"

I shook my head. "It's the editor I want."

"I am the editor," said the young man in a hurry—Mr. A. W. F. Sinclair, editor of the *Daily Sketch*. "Come in."

And so, every now and then rolling an editorial cigar between his fingers, every now and then rolling an undefiled Scottish "r" from his lips, he talked of films. . . .

"You mustn't think of the newsreel as a rival to the newspaper," he said, "because, as a matter of fact, one helps the other."

"Not only does the newsreel make the public more picture-minded, but its brief flashes of world events set people thinking—and so reading—about them."

"The paper gives its reader up-to-the-minute news and pictures, and then he goes to the cinema to see what he has read about in animated form."

"You can," went on Mr. Sinclair, "really speak of radio, newspaper and newsreel as a triumvirate of technology. The newspaper reflects life, the radio gives it atmosphere, and the newsreel gives it animation."

"But the newsreel doesn't always fulfil its function properly. You've seen a puppet-show. That has animation, but has it life?"

The editorial cigar waved a negative circle.

"What the newsreel needs is dramatising—getting that human interest that it lacks at present."

"After all, one launching is very like another, one football match 'long shot' almost indistinguishable from the next."

"And so, not only is one newsreel like its rival, it is so often a replica of any other week's issue."

"But now, suppose the newsreel editor told his cameraman to go out and get the picture *behind* the big event."

"Suppose, instead of that long shot of the Cup Final that means so little there were a flash of the man who wasn't chosen to play . . . suppose to follow that 'pretty' wedding picture we saw the woman who, lovingly, dressed the bride . . . or those two little pages who after weeks of rehearsal by doting mothers got left behind. . . ."

"Puir wee bairns," I murmured artfully.

" . . . and were found sucking ice creams in a corner," finished Mr. Sinclair sternly.

There were almost tears in my eyes—from the editorial cigar smoke.

"The sort of picture the *Daily Sketch* would get," I said.

He nodded. "There's always someone left out of the big story," said Mr. Sinclair. "I believe the trouble is that newsreels are taken, and then edited—well edited, I should add . . ." he noted my gasp appreciatively, and then went on " . . . and newspaper pictures are edited before they're taken. The paper doesn't send out its cameramen to take the big event, it sends them out with specific angles of that event in mind."

"To reflect life," I said.

"You know," went on Mr. Sinclair, "the public for newsreels is tremendous. They go from one news theatre to another . . . in a sort of newsreel pub-crawl."

"And that in spite of the lack of individuality in

the films or the programmes, the lack of that personality that the reporter, or the re-write man, gets into the story."

The cigar smoke formed a large query in the air, anticipating my own.

He waved it away.

"So you'll see longer programmes at the news theatres very soon," he prophesied. "Instead of an hour, there'll be two or perhaps three-hour programmes, just of news and interest films."

"At the present time one great fault is that the programmes are built so much for men."

"Where's your woman interest that the newspaper caters for so successfully? Where are your newsreel pictures of women—for women?"

"Fashions—" he took the word from my mouth—"yes, you see a few mannequins sometimes in a screen magazine, wearing freak fashions that 99 women in a hundred could neither afford nor ever wish to wear."

"The newsreels, and the news theatre programmes, need humour, too," went on Mr. Sinclair. "Humour, not only in commentary, but in treatment, but it's a very difficult thing to get."

"Brightness is a horrible word, but that describes the sort of thing that's wanted, as opposed to 'being funny.'"

I thought of those very B.B.C. commentators, and agreed.

Newsreel theatre programmes need better balancing, Mr. Sinclair thinks. Beyond the cartoons there is too little that is light.

Of those he has no criticisms to make.

"Did you see Cock Robin?" he asked me. "A sociological satire."

"But that's beside the point. And when the newsreel gets over the growing-pains of its adolescence—"

The page-proofs of to-morrow's news began to come in. I said good-bye quickly.

Mr. A. W. F. Sinclair had once again become the young man in a hurry. . . .

DENIS MYERS

NEWSREELS ANALYSIS—JULY

There are five Newsreels circulating in British cinemas and a check-up of contents for July—summarised in the following table—reveals that all of them devote approximately 50 per cent to the three stock subjects—Sport, Royalty and Military.

Despite the increasing popularity of the Newsreels, a survey of contents reveals the extremely limited range of the material covered. While speed and efficiency of service to exhibitors have improved amazingly—big events are covered with a quickness reminiscent of Fleet Street methods—it is not possible to say that there has been a corresponding improvement in the range and variety of news presented.

NEWSREEL	Total Number of Items spotted by W.F.N.	SPORT	ROYALTY	MILITARY, etc.	FOREIGN	EMPIRE
British Movietone News	88	28	9	4	17	6
British Paramount News	49	11	8	2	7	4
Gaumont-British News	61	22	8	4	14	2
Pathé Gazette	25	12	7	—	1	—
Universal Talking News	85	21	11	9	7	1
TOTALS	308	94	43	19	46	13

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By H. CHEVALIER

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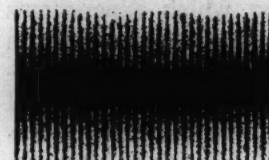
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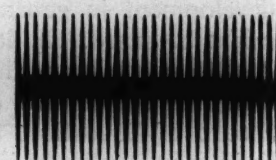
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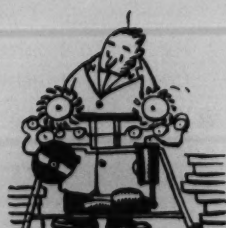
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"At the present time one great fault is that the programmes are built so much for men."

"Where's your woman interest that the newspaper caters for so successfully? Where are your newsreel pictures of women—for women?"

"Fashions—" he took the word from my mouth—"yes, you see a few mannequins sometimes in a screen magazine, wearing freak fashions that 99 women in a hundred could neither afford nor ever wish to wear."

"The newsreels, and the news theatre programmes, need humour, too," went on Mr. Sinclair. "Humour, not only in commentary, but in treatment, but it's a very difficult thing to get."

"Brightness is a horrible word, but that describes the sort of thing that's wanted, as opposed to 'being funny.'"

I thought of those very B.B.C. commentators, and agreed.

Newsreel theatre programmes need better balancing, Mr. Sinclair thinks. Beyond the cartoons there is too little that is light.

Of those he has no criticisms to make.

"Did you see Cock Robin?" he asked me. "A sociological satire."

"But that's beside the point. And when the newsreel gets over the growing-pains of its adolescence—"

The page-proofs of to-morrow's news began to come in. I said good-bye quickly.

Mr. A. W. F. Sinclair had once again become the young man in a hurry. . . .

DENIS MYERS

NEWSREELS ANALYSIS—JULY

There are five Newsreels circulating in British cinemas and a check-up of contents for July—summarised in the following table—reveals that all of them devote approximately 50 per cent to the three stock subjects—Sport, Royalty and Military.

Despite the increasing popularity of the Newsreels, a survey of contents reveals the extremely limited range of the material covered. While speed and efficiency of service to exhibitors have improved amazingly—big events are covered with a quickness reminiscent of Fleet Street methods—it is not possible to say that there has been a corresponding improvement in the range and variety of news presented.

NEWSREEL	Total Number of Items spotted by W.F.N.	SPORT	ROYALTY	MILITARY, etc.	FOREIGN	EMPIRE
British Movietone News	88	28	9	4	17	6
British Paramount News	49	11	8	2	7	4
Gaumont-British News	61	22	8	4	14	2
Pathé Gazette	25	12	7	—	1	—
Universal Talking News	85	21	11	9	7	1
TOTALS	308	94	43	19	46	13

Donald Duck and Hitler—

A RESEMBLANCE?

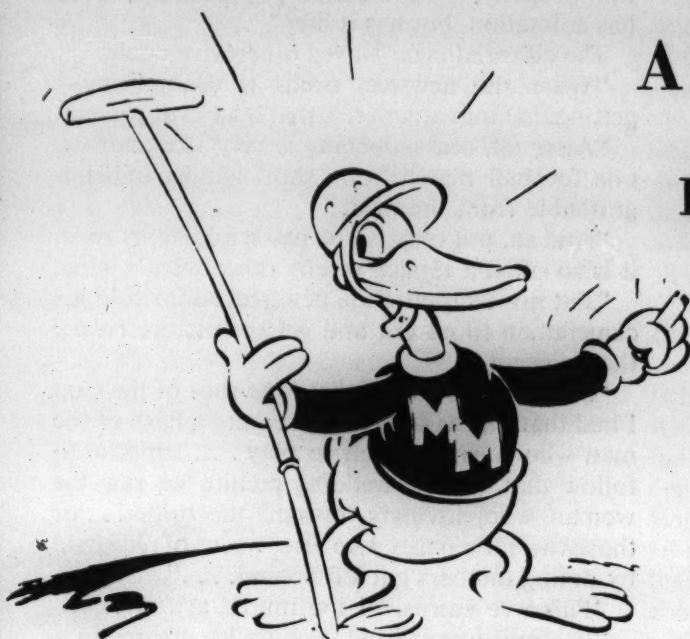
By RONALD C. MOODY



History records that when man first wished to write, he did so by means of a series of pictures. A form of picture writing has always seemed to me the most suitable means of expression for the flat celluloid screen. Towards the end of the war, a kind of "animated" picture writing appeared in *Mutt and Jeff*—comical, human figures, whose antics made only satirical comment on contemporary manners—really an adaptation from the "funny" page of an American magazine. As writing evolved, lines became symbols of objects. On the screen, picture writing has now reached this stage. In my opinion, the most intelligible "writer" is Walt Disney.

Disney's animals are symbols of man—common man. He is not merely a satirical commentator, but a philosopher with a strong moral trait, showing that change of environment has caused man to take on a different colouring, without effecting any fundamental alteration.

There have always been Donald Ducks. In our language there are such phrases as "one-track mind," "narrow point of view," "limited mind," a few of the many epithets worthy of Donald. He is the wild-eyed man one sees carrying a banner in Hyde Park which bids you "Beware of your sins and repent before it is too late." He is the author whose too-often returned manuscripts cause him to inveigh against publishers who do not seem to appreciate his peculiar genius. Donald is always a man with a grievance. In *The Band Concert*, his silly hornpipe tune he accounts of more importance than the most popular of classical overtures. So great is his belief in himself that he is able to disorganise a large orchestra; and, even after the subsequent whirlwind and accompanying hair-raising experiences, he returns to earth still playing his tune. It is this belief in himself, together with his grievance, which enables him to influence not only his few long-suffering friends, but, in some circumstances, to bend a nation to his will. In this form we see him in Hitler, inveighing against the Jews whom he sees as unspeakable monsters; in Mussolini, willing to send to their death thousands of his fellow-men, of whom Mickey is a symbol. History is full of examples of powerful Donald Ducks who have brought untold misery on their fellow-men; but the less harmful ones, who can be found



in every walk of life, are endured with good-natured tolerance or indifference.

Mickey represents the man-in-the-street, his loves, hates and vanities. However changed his environment, he always remains the same, confident of his survival. He is the good citizen. His dearest friend, the well-meaning, admiring but obtuse Pluto, is symbolic of "the best friend." He is so helpful that he only succeeds in becoming an obstacle. In doing what he thinks best for Mickey he leads him into the most uncomfortable situations. He is the kind of human being who, having neither initiative nor imagination, dedicates himself without reserve to someone who he thinks possesses all the qualities he most admires. Pluto's love for Mickey is not without its mean aspect. Suddenly smitten by a coy, empty-headed, "gold-digging" little minx, he substitutes bones for chocolates which Mickey had bought to help him in his wooing of Minny, with disastrous results. Give Pluto a grievance,

Ronald C. Moody, the writer of this article, is a native of Jamaica and has been a sculptor in England for some years. In addition to portraits, he has been responsible for more abstract work in wood-carving. The latter reveals a strange contrast to prevailing tendencies in its inclination towards Egyptian and Chinese style. Although Disney students may not agree with several of Moody's ideas, his study of the well-known characters suggests a new basis for criticism.

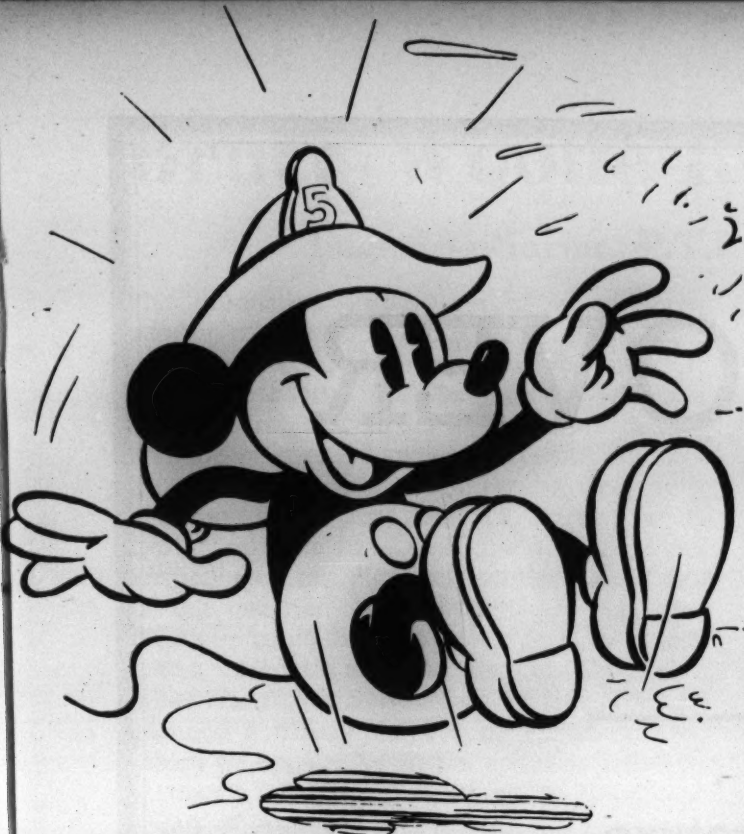
and soon his bark would take on the relentless persistency and monotony of a Donald Duck.

Mickey's "girl friend," Minny, I do not find of great interest. She is the empty-headed flapper, who has cultivated all the tricks necessary to keep her man: indeed, the perfect companion for Mickey in his lighter moments. It is really Clara Cluck whom I find the most interesting of Disney's female creations. With what pride she heralds the laying of her super-egg. Nothing less would have been good enough! With what tender jealous care she watches over her brood! How superb she is as the world-famous coloratura



SZEGEDI SZUTS

the man they miss



soprano! We have often seen her on the concert platform and in the Opera House.

In his modern fairy tales, Disney, the philosopher, is more apparent. Carlyle thundered, "Work is man's salvation." Many a pulpit has urged, "As you sow, so shall you reap." With what amusement and wit "writes" Disney about these sayings in *The Grasshopper and the Ants*. Sloth is represented by the grasshopper and industry by the ants. Accompanied by his fiddle, the grasshopper throughout the summer sings in his inimitable voice that the world owes him a living, disregarding the warning of the Queen of the Ants and the example of her subjects, who spend their time diligently providing for the winter. Suddenly he is forcibly reminded of the season of the year by the biting cold winds. Homeless and blue with cold, he eventually arrives at the house of the ants to be greeted with sounds of revelry from within. He is given a warm welcome which includes food and a mustard-bath. He is thoroughly enjoying himself when the Queen arrives. In a shaking voice punctuated by sneezes he begs her to let him remain. She graciously grants him his wish on the condition that he conforms to the law of the kingdom, which is that no one shall eat who does not work. He is, therefore, commanded to play on his fiddle, and with a contrite heart he sings "I owe the world a living."

It is Disney's subtle use of colour combined with his unerring musical and dramatic sense which helps to give to his cartoons a form proper to the screen. *The Three Little Pigs* is another excellent example of this. There have been many imitators, but no one can ape the artistic sensibility of another; so Disney still remains unexcelled.



MR. ISTVAN SZEGEDI SZUTS, the gifted Hungarian artist who is at present staying in London, is perhaps unique among film-cartoonists in having designed and carried out cartoons singlehanded. One of these films was shown by the Film Society, and at the Academy Theatre.

Here are some of his views on the cartoon industry:

"Europe should make her own cartoons; and, obviously London is the place in which to produce them. Many European studios have attempted this branch of the film industry, but have failed owing to lack of special organisation and the proper equipment for such productions. This work is more complicated and highly-specialised than any other kind of film-work; and without the necessary equipment it is hopeless to attempt to compete with the present universal distribution of the American product.

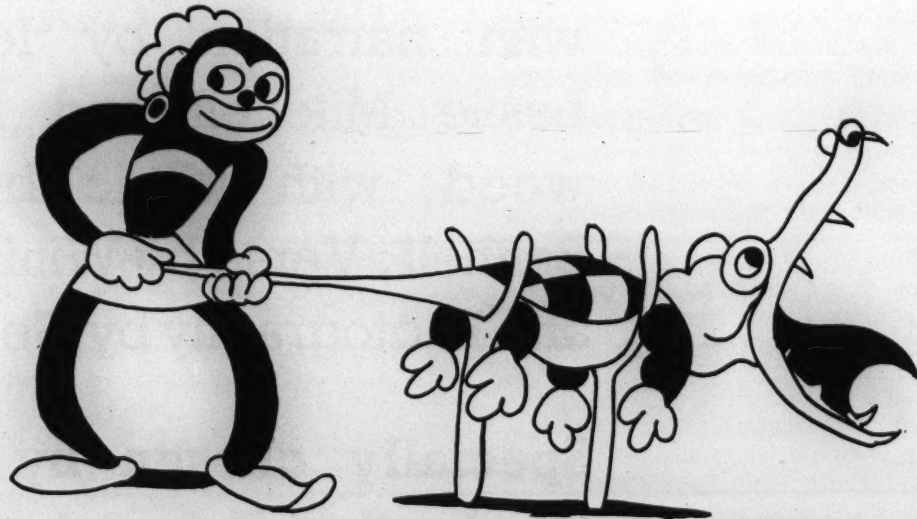
"Our big film companies have never considered the problem seriously although they are in a position strong enough to force the distribution-market. Unfortunately, they are not sufficiently interested in 'short' films (under which heading cartoons are erroneously placed) since their attention is satisfactorily occupied in the making of big films.

"America has shown us, however, what a very profitable business it can be. In these times of

unemployment, it is a thousand pities that we should look on with folded arms whilst great sums of European money flow unceasingly into the American cartoon-industry. If we only had sense enough to build up our own industry, that money would remain here and multiply. We have everything that is needed. We are particularly rich in ingenious brains that are alive to present-day European tastes and tendencies; several of these America has already been far-seeing enough to commandeer. For this reason, and on account of her superiority in technical matters, she is far ahead of us.

"The domination of Disney would seem to last for ever; this is because, so far, he stands alone. As soon as Europe realises the tremendous possibilities of cartoon development, the American product will be, along with Blériot's monoplane, relegated to the museum. Disney's advantage is only the advantage of money and organisation; and in both respects, England holds the leading place among the nations of the world.

"The day of red-tape and long-drawn-out deliberation is at an end; now is the time for decisive action. With such a lucrative field of industry, it is imperative to arrest the present financial drain on Europe, and to meet the adroit and unassailable American spirit on its own ground."



Sketches from
Szegedi's notebook

COVER TO COVER

(PREFACE TO LIFE.)

the film about books and literature,
produced by Paul Rotha and
directed by Alexander Shaw;
starring W. Somerset Maugham,
A. P. Herbert, 'Sapper', Rebecca
West, Julian Huxley and T. S. Eliot;
with narration by Ion Swinley,
Leslie Mitchell and Lydia Sher-
wood; with Music by Raymond
Bennell; Verse by Winifred Holmes
and Photography by George Noble.

**Specially chosen by the B.B.C.
for the first Television Broadcast
to the Public at Radiolympia.**

THE STRAND FILM COMPANY LTD.

37-39 Oxford Street.

London W.1.

Bruce Woolfe Reports—

Eugenics, Marine, P.T.I. Subjects in Production

The production programme of a minimum number of fifty reels and a summer like 1936, causes the producer some bad moments. It means, of course, the alteration of schedules and even subjects at the last moment. A programme of twelve biological subjects, six Ecological subjects and a number of Geography films means a great deal of exterior work. Fortunately, we have been able to change our scripts in various directions so that a good deal of the material which should have been shot outdoors could be brought up into the studio where we could, at least, rely upon shooting it when ready. Again, we were fortunate in having planned a certain number of Marine subjects which we hope to be able to complete inside the Research Laboratory, so saving the disappointments of outdoor work.

Dr. Julian S. Huxley has drawn us up an elaborate programme for this year, which includes such diverse subjects as *Eugenics* and the *Life Story of Hydra*. The latter has been completed by Percy Smith, who has secured one or two remarkable shots. It is hoped to complete the film of the *Sea Urchin* during the present season; it will be remembered that this subject was successful last year at the Brussels Exhibition, but that particular part of the film was only the first half, the development of the larva being taken in hand this year.

A large quantity of material has been received from Frank Bundy, who is at present touring the West Indies on behalf of G.B. Instructional, Ltd. He has secured what look like being a really first-class film of the Sponge industry. He has penetrated into the Mahogany forests of British Honduras, a country that is very little known. Bundy is working in conjunction with geographical experts, and it is hoped that his work will be of real value in the addition of little known subjects to the educational film library.

Frank Goodliffe is at present engaged in a series of films dealing with health and beauty. These subjects are designed to follow on the series of Physical Education films already made for children. They are intended for adults, and will demonstrate how the ordinary town-dweller by judicious use of the proper exercises can keep fit and healthy.

Donald Carter has just completed a series of instructional films on Swimming. We were fortunately able to secure the services of the Olympic Team before their departure for Berlin. Included also in this series is a demonstration

on diving by Mr. Pete Desjardins, the world's champion diver.

Further additions have been made of Physical Education films which now complete the series illustrating the whole of the Board of Education syllabus.

Twelve more *Secrets of Life*, prepared by Mary Field, have been handed over to G.B. Distributors for release in the Autumn. Mary Field is at present away in the west country engaged on a series of regional geography subjects dealing with the life and activities of various types of workers in that region. These subjects have been found to be of particular value to Geographers.

In the immediate future there will be put in hand a film showing the development of Hospitals during the last century. The King Edward Hospital Fund for London are collaborating in this subject, the script for which has been written by Mary Field.

A further documentary film being made in collaboration with the Air Ministry and the War Office, shows the defences of the country against attack by enemy aircraft.

It is expected that all these subjects will be completed early in the New Year.

Pills, Dog-powders and Shampoos

The Beecham Group has made plans for a five-figure programme to cover a number of products. The principal ones will be Beecham's Pills, Amami Shampoos and Sherley's Dog Powders. *Love My Dog* will be the title of the last. *Jacqueline Grafton, the four-year-old film star, who resembles Shirley Temple, will fall into the Thames and will be rescued by The Dog.* Further details of the plot are not available, but the film will be made by the Garrick Film Company, produced by Devonport Hackney and supervised by Paul Stein.

The main film of the programme will be *Here's Health*. This is being produced by Publicity Films on a scenario written by Sydney Box. Ralph Smart, the director, will be assisted by a strong cast and a large chorus. The Amami film will be called *Crowning Glory*, and the producers are Gaumont-British Screen Services. Andrew Buchanan of the Gaumont-British Screen Magazine, writes and directs the picture.

News Review

Ford Motor Co. reported to be building own £1,000,000 studios in Detroit to make films dealing with motor industry.

* * *

National Milk Publicity Council's travelling cinema has completed a 13-week tour.

* * *

British building industry considering idea of public relations film. R.I.B.A. building at Portland Place already filmed.

* * *

Red Sails, directed by Ronald Haines for British Documentary Films, presents case for Cornish fishermen.

* * *

Gaumont-British have produced for International Combustion, Ltd., of Aldwych House, W.C.2, a propaganda film, showing the normal working of the company's factory.

A large contract for machinery for gold mining in South Africa is followed through the machine shops, each process being meticulously filmed.

Engineering authorities stated, after a private view of the film, that it "demonstrated that British manufacturing methods are not so much out of date as is generally imagined."

* * *

Four new Austin Motor Company publicity films were recently shown to dealers and the Press at Longbridge, Birmingham. All four were produced at the Merton Park Studios.

Welcoming the dealers, Lord Austin said: "Films have been a strong feature of our publicity campaign during the past few years and have proved themselves a major selling force."

Silent and Certain takes us through the life-history of the synchromesh gear box. The use of two commentators and a conversational commentary add a great deal to the interest of the film.

Former Austin programmes have been noteworthy for their travel pictures, and this year's films include *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*, a travel feature bringing to the screen the rugged grandeur and beauty of the Western Highlands of Scotland and also *Cornwall Calling*.

The fourth film shown was *The Pace that Thrills*, a breath-taking picture of newsreel character, showing the achievements of the Austin Seven O.H.V. Specials on road and track.

SEX APPEAL . . .

was the old formula for film makers. Our pet formula for advertising films is

- BOX OFFICE APPEAL plus
- CASH REGISTER APPEAL

EUROPE'S LARGEST SELF-CONTAINED
ADVERTISING FILM ORGANISATION

PUBLICITY FILMS Ltd

Managing Director: G. E. TURNER

FILMICITY HOUSE
UPPER ST. MARTIN'S
LANE, W.C.2



TELEPHONE:
Temple Bar
6482



Nutrition Film. Direction: Anstey



GAS LIGHT AND COKE

"Party Dish." Direction: Elton



"Roof Tops." Direction: Keene & Burnford



STRAND FILMS

"Cover to Cover." Direction: Shaw

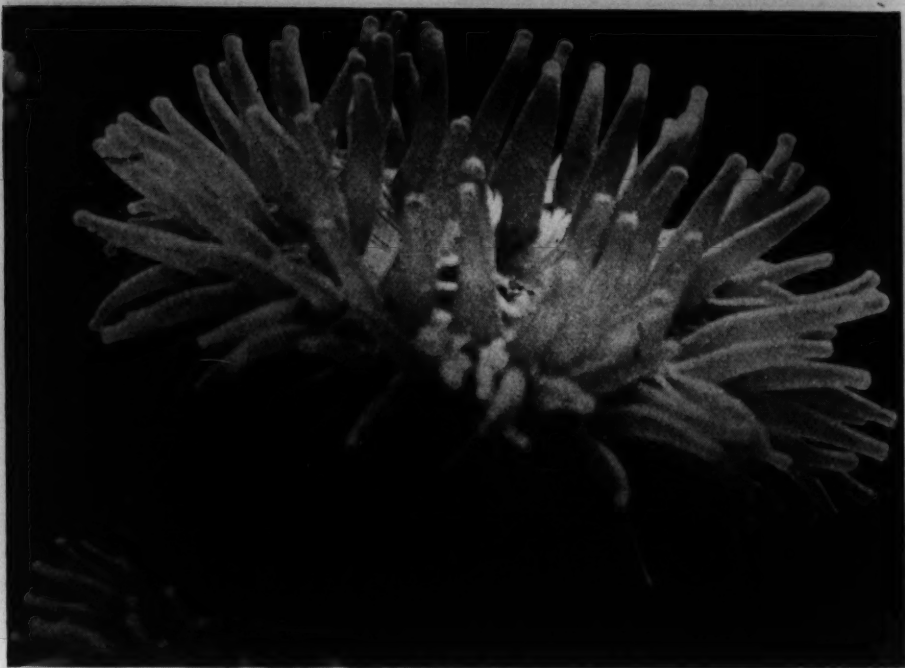


"Vanishing Sails." Direction: Ronald Stuart



STUART FILMS

"Vanishing Sails"

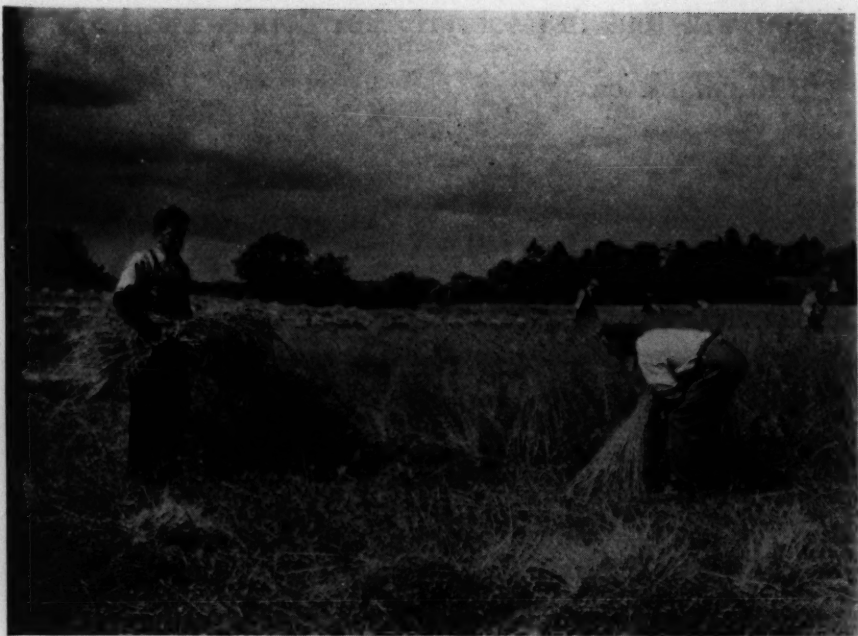


"Rock Pools." Direction: Mary Field



"Medieval Village." Direction: Holmes

GAUMONT-BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL



"Woven Blossoms" (Irish Linen). Direction: John Alderson



"The Pace that Thrills" (for Austin Motors)

PUBLICITY FILMS



"The Saving of Bill Blewitt." Direction: Watt



"The Fairy of the 'Phone." Direction: Coldstream

G.P.O. FILM UNIT

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even so, there's no time like the present for a little serious thought. And in the minds of everyone who is thinking at all about the major problems of our time—the menace of Fascism and the threat of war—there is one urgent question:

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● The September number centres on India, where native culture faces British repression. The issue was prepared with the help of Indian national organisations. Other features include MAXIM GORKI on London, Alan D. Bush on Workers' Music.

Film in School—A Dialogue

By RUSSELL FERGUSON

YOUNG MAN: Will the film become an instrument of education?

OLD MAN: I do not think so. I am prophesying rather from a knowledge of what the school is than from dreams of what it might be. The school has no books except the text books used in teaching the subjects prescribed. If the authorities have not had the wit to provide the school with a reference library of books, how can we hope to persuade them to provide a reference library of films?

Y. M.: I grant that the school has no reference library of books. But many schools have circulating libraries of fiction.

O. M.: A few of them have circulating libraries provided by the pupils and chosen by the staff. But the official authorities are content to prescribe one work of fiction per pupil per year. I think that the utmost we can hope for is that some day the authorities may do as much with films, and see to it that each pupil sees one film per year for five years. If the authorities do not provide the pupils with book-fiction, how can we hope that they will provide film-fiction? Some schools have a magic lantern, usually without slides, and a gramophone, usually with about six records. The great majority have none, because such things are not part of the official equipment of any school. How can we expect authorities who missed the possibilities of the lantern and the gramophone, yes, and even the still photograph, to pay any attention to the cinema?

Y. M.: But surely things can't be as bad as that?

O. M.: Things are a great deal worse. The authorities have not merely failed to provide these necessities. They have never awakened to the fact that they *are* necessities.

Y. M.: But surely it is so obvious? The library, the photograph, the gramophone, the film, these are windows upon the world. Upon them we depend for almost all our knowledge of what things are, what they look like, how they sound. Surely educators have realised that we must really try to prepare our children for life by enlarging their experience, by showing them things, by telling them about the world before they enter it?

O. M.: They have realised no such thing.

Y. M.: Then how, in goodness' name, do they spend their time?

O. M.: Mainly in teaching technical subjects—language and mathematics and branches of them, for the most part.

Y. M.: And what about English?

O. M.: English at school is a technical subject. One third of it is History and Geography. The rest is Grammar and Figures of Rhetoric, and History of Literature. I grant that an English teacher can do more legitimate digressing and more real educating than most others, but he has a full programme of technicalities, without going off the beaten track to make more work.

Y. M.: But don't the children get physical training and art and crafts?

O. M.: Yes—about one-tenth of their time is devoted to this, to their great delight. But, in relation to the long hours spent on academic subjects, it doesn't amount to much.

Y. M.: Why so much technical study?

O. M.: For two main reasons: one, the teachers only know technical subjects, and the other, the Universities prescribe them for their entrance examination, which nearly every parent hopes his child will pass.

Y. M.: And why do the Universities prescribe them?

O. M.: Because the professors don't know any others. They are but teachers of a larger growth.

Y. M.: And do you mean that the schools are so busy with purely technical education that they have no time for general education—preparation for life?

O. M.: I mean that.

Y. M.: But surely this technical education is itself a preparation for life?

O. M.: So it is, in a kind of a way, for the three per cent who assimilate it. For the other ninety-seven per cent it is worse than useless, for it makes failures of them by keeping them for years at work for which they have no aptitude. From the actuarial point of view, secondary education is almost a complete failure.

Y. M.: Do you tell me that the schools fail to teach French and Maths, for instance?

O. M.: Yes, I mean that. Ask any headmaster how many pupils he has each year in first year French. Say, two hundred. Ask him how many will complete the course by scoring half-marks in a French exam. five years later. Say, twenty. Of the successful twenty, find out how many a year later can read a bit of French prose. About half-a-dozen. Only three per cent. This is failure, isn't it?

Y. M.: I suppose so. And yet between times most of our teachers digressed and gave us a good deal of general knowledge.

O. M.: If you just reflect: compare the time they spent in general topics with the time they spent on verbs and equations; compare the amount of general knowledge one ought to have with the amount you were given at school, and then tell me, is it not true that the schools are too busy failing to teach technical subjects to have time for real education?

Y. M.: But will authorities not wake up to the state of affairs?

O. M.: Why should they? Who is complaining? Not the pupils, for they have no voice. Not the parents, who think that their children *ought* to be able to learn mathematics and language. Not the inspectors, who are all recruited from the mandarin class. The Government has no ideas on the subject, the press is indifferent and the Education Authorities are too busy with buildings and teachers to bother about what is taught in the one way by the other. Education proper is nobody's business.

Y. M.: Well, anyway, don't you think that even in this technical education which is all that is provided, films could be a great help?

O. M.: I believe the film could be very useful. But I have already told you why I think it will not be used. Special films would have to be made, and I don't see anybody going to the trouble and expense of making them. After all, they can be done without. If authorities allow teachers to do without maps, as they very largely do, I don't see much chance of their providing films.

Hell Unlimited



Norman MacLaren and Helen Biggar—Glasgow amateurs—have produced an ambitious 16 mm. film running for 30 minutes. Norman MacLaren, known to many amateurs for his *Camera Cocktails*, has taken trick camera work to the limit. In fact, the film is the most ingenious example of its kind that I have yet seen. Unfortunately, form, cutting and content do not come up to scratch. If they had, these two directors would have put themselves at a single step in the forefront of producers, professional or amateur.

Technical virtuosity has submerged everything else. The film seeks to tell the economic truth behind armaments and war. Disdaining titles, debarred from sound, the producers have turned to symbols, and it is often difficult to make out what is intended, so obscure are the metaphors, so slim the underlying logical processes. Not only is the film obscure, but the producers, delighted with their own powers, repeat and repeat and repeat. Every ingenious symbol and every pretty trick appears again and again, often in differing contexts, making one's task of disentangling the ideas even harder. One hopes that the producers will take the film back to the cutting bench and try to make a lucid job out of what is some of the best trick work yet to appear. The use of re-photographed war stills is telling. The cost was about £20.

The film is an object lesson to amateur societies, not only in the possibilities of trick work, but in the terrifying results of lack of self-discipline.

A. E.

Y. M.: Our education reformers, like Russell and Neill—surely they must have some influence?

O. M.: They make their appeal to a small section of the general public, but they do not influence the great machine of state education in the slightest. State education is a closed system. Machinery for social reform, even for education reform on general lines—hours of study, leaving age, salary scales—does exist, of course, in the parliamentary system. But the thing that matters, the choice of curriculum, is vested entirely in the mandarins. And the curriculum *is* the education provided. And the use of films depends upon the curriculum, which is much too full of French verbs and James II to have any use for the film, or for any other of your "windows upon the world."

Y. M.: Then the case for using films properly in school is a hopeless case, and the cause of education reform is a hopeless cause?

O. M.: I am afraid so.

Y. M.: I am sorry about that.

O. M.: So am I.

DISRUPTION IN THE NORTH

By FORSYTH HARDY

There is news of disruption from the North.

The Scottish film societies have decided to leave the fold of the British Federation.

"As a temporary measure," during this season at least, they will operate independently through the Scottish Federation—in being since 1934 and now to function actively.

An independent booking organisation in London is being established, with Mr. F. S. Fairfax-Jones, of Denning Films, as booking officer, and Mr. Stephen Mitchell, late of the Aberdeen Film Society, as liaison officer.

Behind this move lies disappointment that the Leicester conference did not produce a national plan for film booking; dissatisfaction with the existing organisation of the Federation of British Film Societies, and dismay at the immediate outlook.

But also behind this move lies the hope that it will lead eventually to the emergence of a strong, soundly organised national body—a single authoritative voice to speak for the film society movement in Britain. The breakaway is not intended to be obstructionist and it is hoped that it need not be final.

The movement originated at Leicester, in general irritation at the frittering away of the opportunity presented there for establishing the British Federation soundly. During the subsequent months of confusion, uncertainty and disagreement, it grew steadily until, at a meeting

of the Scottish Federation, held in Edinburgh on August 22nd, it was unanimously decided to stand out from the British Federation for a period of a year at any rate and to institute an independent booking agency in London.

Whether to carry on independently in the meantime or to attempt to get some order into the affairs of the British Federation: these were the issues at the Edinburgh meeting. The former was chosen, partly because the latter seemed impossible in the time available before the opening of the new season and partly because it was felt that by taking a definite stand, even though it was temporarily outside of the main movement, the final establishment of a strong, efficient, national organisation would be hastened.

It is announced by the Council of the London Film Society that Miss Mary Brown has now resigned owing to illness. A new secretary has been appointed; name to be announced later. The Council regrets that Miss Brown's prolonged illness has made it difficult to keep up with the demands of the provincial societies for information regarding films. These delays have been unavoidable under the circumstances, and will be remedied as soon as possible.

The Scottish societies affected by the decision are the Film Society of Glasgow, the Edinburgh Film Guild, the Aberdeen Film Society, the Film Society of Ayrshire, the Dundee and St. Andrews Film Society and the Inverness Film Society. The Tyneside Film Society, apparently looking to an ancient division between England and Scotland, hopes to work along with the Scottish Federation, a Tyneside representative having informed the Edinburgh meeting that: "Generally if we can strengthen your hand and share in the benefits of collaboration, we shall willingly do so."

This step ought to benefit the film society movement as a whole. Block booking will be made easier, contacts between renters and film societies ought to be made more smoothly; and new film societies in Scotland will start out with the confidence and assurance that a sound booking arrangement can give. Looking further ahead, one may visualise a strong federation co-operating with the London Film Society in the task of importing foreign films.

It remains to be seen, of course, how the new plan will work out. Scottish film societies are certainly going forward wholeheartedly with it. Should it prove successful, it may well become the basis for a national plan for the future.

At least that is how it appears to one writing in the first flush of optimism after the Edinburgh meeting.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES

CAITHNESS

Production of amateur films is the main activity of the Caithness Film Society. The members have already made a film on Seine-Net Fishing and have in production a *Come to Caithness* picture. During the winter it is proposed to make a film about the work of the District Nurse, which in this district is of a particularly arduous nature owing to the distances travelled and the severe winter climate.

The Secretary announces that keener interest is being exhibited in the production side of the Society's activities than any other and that the "lack of bawbees" has no deterrent effect. During the winter the Caithness enthusiasts will hold exhibitions of special films.

BRADFORD

The Bradford Civic Playhouse proposes to hold

cinema shows of specially selected films. There is no intention of competing with the programmes of the city's cinemas and a circular issued by the Playhouse states: "Films of an unusual character rarely seen at the commercial cinemas will be screened at frequent intervals. Programmes will include foreign films, newsreels, documentary and educational pictures."

A Film Society is to be formed amongst members of the Playhouse and it is possible that an amateur production unit will be established.

PORTSMOUTH

A Film Society has been started at Portsmouth under the chairmanship of Councillor F. J. Spickernell. Publicity will be handled by C. Paice.

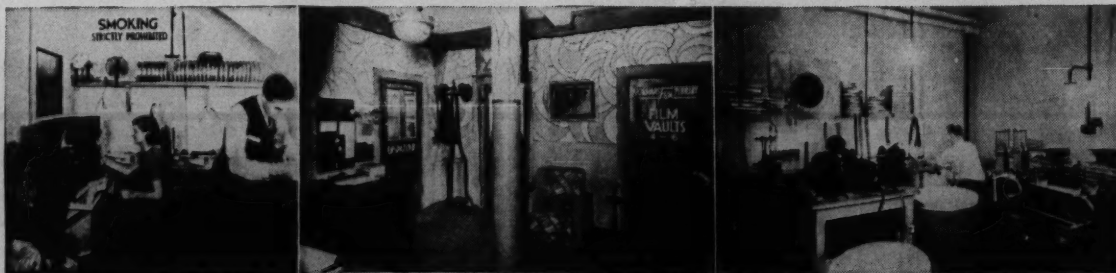
MANCHESTER and SALFORD

For the first time the Manchester Watch Committee has given permission for regular Sunday film shows and this permission has been given on the application of the Manchester and Salford Workers' Film Society. A condition was made that the films were to be shown to members of the Society only. Admission will be given only on producing a membership ticket.

OXFORD

Oxford is to have a new Film Society which will begin operations in October. Performances will be held in the Scala on alternate Sundays. The subscription for the season will be 17s. 6d. and enquiries should be addressed to the Organiser, 105 Victoria Road, Oxford.

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Film Society Personalities

Burly, untidy, blackhaired, overcoated, **IVOR MONTAGU** is 32. Younger son of Swaythling family—famous Jewish bankers. Would make good banker himself had he not taken up zoology, table tennis, films and politics. Won medal at age of four, as youngest infant at that time to swim length of bath at Bath Club. Educated Westminster, where he studied zoology at South Kensington. Later studied under Lance Hogben at Royal College of Surgeons. Then King's College, Cambridge. Failed on most exams, but was given B.A. standard for Zoology. Finally took degrees in English and French, two terms before his proper time. Had to stay at Cambridge to prove diligence. Found lectures sent him to sleep, so was permitted to do original research. Forgot original research until last week of last term. Spent last week measuring skulls of beavers to nearest 1/100th of a millimetre. Original research passed as O.K. Took up table tennis because he thought he was good at it—better than anyone else. Found he wasn't, but all the same remains chairman of International Advisory Council of Table Tennis. Went out to look for mice in Caucasus and thence to films. Founded Film Society with Sydney Bernstein, Iris Barry, Angus MacPhail, Adrian Brunel and others. At last moment George Atkinson—film journalist—accused Film Society of digging into well-known Moscow gold. Atkinson had to publish apology and Film Society flourishes. Founded *Brunel and Montagu* who handled all kinds of foreign re-editing jobs. Knackers for the film industry, as Ivor describes them, and known widely as Brunel and Montage. Cut *Lodger*, early Hitchcock silent with only thirty titles—unheard of feat at the time. Made three silents for Rowson in 1929. Best known is *Bluebottles*. Quota just coming in, so Rowson

held shorts up until Act passed. Talkies came at same time. Films missed boat. Now Unit Production Manager for Gaumont-British. Sandwiches job in with trips to Moscow, International Table Tennis, translation and many other pursuits. He and another sole members of A.C.T. for two years, in G.B. studio. A.C.T. now booming and Ivor plays important part.

Doesn't like photographs of himself; hence none at top of this screed.

PROFESSOR E. R. DODDS. To listen to his dry, schoolmaster voice, you would not take Dodds for a poet. Face and intonation betray no emotions. Yet once you know he has published a volume of verse, a certain look in his quick eyes and his detached, withdrawn attitude are explained. You sense the fire beneath the disciplined husk. You are not as surprised as you might have been to discover that he is interested in psychic research, nor that he was a conscientious objector.

Educated at Belfast and Oxford, Dodds is 43; was lecturer in Classics at University College, Reading, 1919-24; since then has been Professor of Greek at the University of Birmingham and is now to succeed Sir Gilbert Murray as Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. He has contributed several scholarly volumes to the literature of classical studies.

As President of the Birmingham Film Society Dodds has taken an active part in the movement. No mere figurehead, he conducts meetings, gives lectures and is a conscientious committeeman. For a considerable time he was chairman of the council of the Federation of British Film Societies. He is a prominent figure at all conferences. It is hoped that his influence at Oxford

will lead to a revival of the University film society.

THOROLD DICKINSON, one of the doyens of the Film Society movement, and long connected with the London Film Society, has in his more public life been responsible for the well-being of many A.T.P. films, especially on the cutting bench. He is now an independent producer, and plans an elaborate *Fact and Fantasy*



By courtesy United Artists

series, in which Lotte Reiniger, Len Lye and several others are already involved. By the time this appears he will be on his way to Nigeria on a shooting expedition (cameras rather than guns). In regard to this voyage he has been heard to use the word "Buffalo" but there is a good deal more in it than that. The London Film Society will no doubt miss him, as he has hitherto supervised the technical presentation of their programmes, a job which is not so easy as it may sound.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES

TYNESIDE

The third annual report of the Tyneside Film Society shows that the membership is now 826. Eight Sunday performances and a successful children's matinee were given during the season. Feature films shown came from France, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Russia. The shorts alone have made the society indispensable to any serious student of film; they have been representative of the best experimental and documentary work of the year, no significant movement having been missed.

It is stated that "no film is chosen *primarily* for its 'entertainment' value, but on account of its skill in direction, its cutting, its experimental use of sound, its advanced technique; on the other hand, it may be selected for the quality of its content, its value as a social, artistic or psychological document; or it may, in the case of an old film, be chosen for its historic interest."

Discussions and lectures have been held throughout the season and two special art exhibitions were organised. The Walt Disney collection

of original sketches and drawings was obtained after its London run and attracted an attendance of 1,677. The Society is to be complimented on its initiative in arranging the first exhibition of the work of film art direction. Original designs by Erno Metzner, Andre Andreiev, Vincent Korda and Alfred Junge were displayed in conjunction with stills of the completed sets. Several thousand people attended this exhibition, which was held in the Hatton Art Gallery, Armstrong College.

A questionnaire has been sent to all members asking the following questions relating to the films shown during the season: A. Did you consider this film good of its kind? B. Did you consider it, whether successful or not, worthy of inclusion in a film society programme? C. Would you like to see it again?

LEICESTER

The Leicester Film Society will hold its fifth annual general meeting at Vaughan College on

September 19th. Monthly exhibitions for the season will begin on Saturday, October 24th. In addition to important foreign feature films, programmes will include short items of general interest, documentaries, abstracts and cartoons, and it is hoped that illustrated lectures on the cinema will be given by Robert Herring, Film Critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, H. J. Randall Lane, of Vaughan College, and Basil Wright (G.P.O. Film Unit).

During the previous season (1935-1936) six principal performances of major productions were held, covering the best work available in seven separate countries. A large number of shorts, many of them British, were also shown. In addition to the film shows, a Study Group was held with a series of twelve lectures given by L. Cargill, Film Critic of the *Leicester Mercury*, on "How to look at a Film."

Lectures were also given by Ivor Montagu and Richard Southern. The chairman of the Leicester Film Society is H. A. Silverman, and Hon. secretary, E. Irving Richards.

Foreign Films for the Coming Season

By MARIE SETON

Inferior quality of continental productions may set programme problem

It is becoming increasingly difficult for the Film Societies to find new foreign films of any intrinsic value, since the general tendency of the continental film is to imitate Hollywood. Light comedies and operettas are taking precedence over the production of serious story films and documentaries. Well acted melodramas and 'romantic' films of primitive peoples are replacing what was once the avant-garde movement. The following list, compiled at random from the output of different continental studios, represents to a considerable extent the foreign films, available for Film Societies.

Allotria is a Tobis-Europa picture directed by Willy Forst and featuring Renate Muller, Jenny Jugo, Adolf Wohlbruch (hero of *Masquerade*) and Heinz Huhmann, who is a delightful comedian. Here is a sophisticated bedroom comedy of the *change partners* school, which though it is well acted and photographed, is nothing like as good entertainment as Forst's earlier pictures made in Vienna. *Allotria* has greatly disappointed Paris.

Boccaccio, Ufa-Tonfilm with Willy Fritsch, is an expensive, gaudy, but not altogether unamusing operetta in the *Vagabond King* class. Though it has put Herbert Maisch into the forefront of German directors such a picture cannot be given the consideration of Film Societies, nor can it have any appeal to the average English audience since this kind of thing is better done by Paramount and Gaumont-British.

Another Ufa-Tonfilm to be made by a new director, Detlef Sierk, is *The Lost Chord*. Given a credible script Sierk may some day make a good film; as it is he has made the very best of bad material. His cast, which includes Lil Dagover, Theodor Loos, Willy Birgel, Maria Koppenhofer, the child actor Peter Bosse and a young Hungarian actress, Maria von Tasnady, who has a lovely and most unusual face, also do the best that they can. With the exception of Willy Birgel, who is hopelessly miscast as the musician-hero (he is the perfectly tailored villain type), they succeed in making a melodramatic and most improbable story of mother-love, adoption and musical genius almost believable. The best thing in the film is Maria Koppenhofer's superb performance as the perverted and vindictive maid.

Acting also plays a very important part in the success of *Traumulus*, the picture directed by Carl Froelich, which won the 1936 German Government film prize. Though Froelich is in no way furthering film technique, he is preserving the traditions of good German cinema in the midst of an industry organised since the advent of National-Socialism. *Traumulus* is by no means a great film, but it is sincere and has a genuine feeling of the period which it presents: post-war provincial Germany. The film presents (and in a mild way debunks) the old German morality and the liberal humanism of the leading character, Professor Niemeyer (played by Jannings), head master of the royal grammar-school. It is prob-



From "Head Hunters of Borneo"

ably as much for this reason as for artistic merits that Froelich was given the government prize; while for his performance Jannings received a silver-framed portrait of Adolf Hitler with his hand-written dedication. *Traumulus* is a difficult film for foreigners to appreciate since the story is so extremely national, though the treatment of it is not particularly nationalistic.

As a document of nationalistic psychology, Leni Riefenstahl's picture of the National-Socialist Party Congress at Nuremberg, entitled *Triumph of Will*, is a most remarkable and historically valuable film. Nothing like it has ever been made before for it presumes to portray a living political leader almost in the guise of a god. This is the sort of film Alexander the Great would have had made had the cinema existed when he conquered Egypt and discovered that he was one of the gods. Actually it is a pity for students of history that the cinema was such a late invention, for many 'great' men would then have got their rightful deserts at the hands of posterity. The outsider can only regard *Triumph of Will* with interested curiosity. Possibly it might convince some people of the triumph of personality, but not of the actual value of a political system because it does not show how the system works.

Triumph of Will is not important as a contribution to cinema, but as a visual and oral record of Hitler and his effect on the mass it is almost indispensable to a study of the man. Though it shows Hitler only through the eyes of passionate disciples, it reveals the whole man, for the camera detects many things which are true even when it is being employed by people dominated by

ulterior motives. Perhaps Hitler wishes to be something more than a man, but in reality he is the man-in-the-street magnified a hundredfold, and in that lies his success with the crowd. He is a projection of themselves, and though he can marshal them into battalions, he could not exist independently of them for a single day.

The complete contrast to *Triumph of Will*, which is a film of political ritual, is the Czech film *Earth is Singing*, directed by Kolda and photographed by Professor Plicka who is an authority on folk lore. Here is a 'documentary' which shows the ritual and festivals of old gods of pagan origin who now masquerade in Christian disguises in Czechoslovakia. The manner in which it depicts both the work of the peasants and their strange wild dances and celebrations is extraordinarily beautiful, and it reminds one of Dovzhenko's *Earth*.

Earth is Singing is everything a folk film ought to be; while the Tampico-Film unit of Tobis Rota were just the wrong people to go to Borneo and make a film about the head-hunters. The expedition was under the direction of Baron von Plessen, but however much Baron von Plessen may have studied the natives of Borneo he does not understand them, for he quite suddenly grafts on to them the moral inhibitions of central Europe. *Head Hunters of Borneo* is in the Flaherty tradition, only von Plessen lacks Flaherty's epic conception of man's struggle against nature. He also fails to appreciate primitive people—to him they are merely interesting exponents of mumbo-jumbo. A love story of a European character runs through the film which shows the most savage rituals of the wild men of Borneo; but this love becomes entangled in sentiments and emotions which could never develop in the jungle which the film depicts. The photography is extremely good, and the native actors are excellent until they have to portray emotions which do not at all agree with their natures.

The Emperor of California is another German film which deals with the wilds. It is directed by Luis Trenker who also plays the leading part, the historical figure General Suter. This is the de luxe western on which more than a million marks has been spent, and though there are good sequences in it, on the whole it is very uneven. From the cutting and also from a synopsis of the story it appears that Trenker shot far too much film and then did not know what to do with it. In the first sequence—Suter leaving Germany for California—the continuity is poor, and the editing very old fashioned. But later when Suter is cultivating his land in California, fighting against the gold rush and endeavouring to defeat his enemies, the film becomes fairly exciting, well acted and the camera work is good, particularly in the mirage sequence in the desert. But again at the end the whole story is lost in fade-ins and fade-outs, and no one, unless they had seen the White House at Washington, would know where Suter is breathing his last.



"Emperor of California"

Out of all the documentary and educational films which Germany is making only Walter Ruttmann's *Ships in Danger* has any claim to being included in a Film Society programme. It is the only film which adds anything to the cinema, or can compare with the English documentaries. Though it is only three hundred metres long, it is the only really dramatic film that Germany has made recently, because it is the one picture made with artistic conviction. The camera work is magnificent and the cutting extremely good. Ruttmann shows that the German Lifeboat Service is a real and important organisation because it is doing something for humanity, and not just talking about it. Moreover, it is the only *kultur* film in which the people taking part are allowed to become individuals. Because Ruttmann believes in what he is saying, he has found a way to say it.

De Kribbebijter (The Cross-Patch) is a Dutch comedy film recently shown in London with English titles. It was made at the Amsterdam Holfi studios and is directed by Hermann Kosterlitz and Ernst Winar. The film story was adapted from a well-known stage success in

Holland and the subject is similar to "The Taming of the Shrew." Although there is nothing novel in either story or technique and the camera has been used in a straightforward manner, the film has a good deal of entertainment and interest value. The simplicity of the treatment and the fine acting should commend the film to a critical audience.

With the exception of *Traumulus*, *Earth is Singing*, *De Kribbebijter* and *Ships in Danger*, these new films cannot properly be considered as Film Society material. When one considers the quality of many of them, one realises that political fanaticism is excessively bad for the cinema. The decline of Ufa is most remarkable. The decline, most severely felt in the export department, helps to explain the fact that the Berlin Reichfilmkammer recently invited Erich Pommer to return and tidy up the mess that the Ministry of Propaganda has made for everyone connected with the film industry. But apparently Mr. Pommer wisely thinks he can do better work at Denham, and leaves the Reichfilmkammer to get out of their muddle as best they can.



"Traumulus"

NEWS FROM THE FILM SOCIETIES

HEREFORD

The Hereford Film Society presented its first three programmes at the Palladium Theatre, Hereford, during the spring. Performances are at 9.0 p.m. on Wednesdays, at monthly intervals.

As with the Billingham Film Society, the performances are public, and there is no formal membership of the Society. Approximately 450 people attended each of the first three performances, and provided good films can be obtained, the Society is assured of a successful season in 1936-37.

The main films shown at the first performances were *Maskerade*, *Le Million* and *Poil de Carotte*. The officers are B. Bulmer, S. Banksie, Hafor Road, Hereford, Hon. Treasurer, and A. Hudson Davies, 2 Wye Bank, Hereford, Hon. Secretary.

LONDON F.I.S.

The first meeting of the Film Society run jointly by the London Film Institute Film Society and Film Group will be held at the end of September.

Film Group announce that the curriculum for the first year's course in cinematography is now ready. The subscription rates for the whole course, including classes, lectures and special film shows, are Two Guineas per year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Group Theatre Rooms, 9 Great Newport Street.

SOUTHAMPTON

The Southampton Film Society, now entering its sixth Season, gives Sunday afternoon performances to its members. The Society has a branch organisation at Winchester and some 100 people from Winchester regularly attend its performances at Southampton.

Among the films under consideration for showing during the forthcoming season are *Bonne Chance*, *The Student of Prague*, *Marchand d'Amour*, *So Ended a Great Love*, *Unfinished Symphony* (original German version), *Musik im Blut*, *Barcarole*, *B.B.C. The Voice of Britain*, *Nightmail*, and *Under the Water*.

J. S. Fairfax-Jones is hon. general secretary; D. A. Yeoman, 16 Ascupart House, Portswood, Southampton, is the local secretary.

A Scottish Correspondent writes:

"There is no desire to break away from a strong, straight-dealing British federation, but without exception the Scottish societies are thoroughly disgusted with the chaos existing in the south. I am afraid the London Film Society comes out of it all very badly. Instead of being a leading influence in the movement it is a definite stumbling block. It is never frank, never expresses its policy, squirms about not getting support and turns up a snooty nose when it is offered. Its attitude has only one apparent explanation—that it does not welcome a strong federation and will not work with it. Either that or personal rackets are so rampant that the federation is better without London."

COCKA

SAYINGS OF THE MONTH

"The purpose of these interminable conferences is to make a good film."—*Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

"Have you ever thought of having a humorous page in *World Film News*?"—*Ewart Hodgson.*

"I only do it for the money, you know."—*Arthur Treacher.*

"It is not my playing. That will be uncomfortable, but I have never talked to an audience."—*Paderewski.*

"No more Astaire-Rogers musicals? Then no more *Films* for me. I shall stay at home and knit."—*Correspondent in Film Weekly.*

WFN SIGNS TOOTS PARAMOUR!

Another Scoop for Cockalorum

The Cockalorum editor is proud to announce that Miss Toots Paramour has agreed to supply him with her exclusive services. Among these is included a special monthly column of tittle-tattle and swill from Wardour Street and the Studios.

Miss Paramour has been exceedingly intimately connected with the Trade for many years, and her information from the highways and byways of the film world will, we are sure, fill our readers with emotions of the most indescribable nature.



Exclusive portrait of Toots Paramour returning from a special interview

TOOTS PARAMOUR CALLING

First of all, shake a hand with the newest recruit to the Superblisterstone set. . . . Meet Jaroslav ("Edgefog") Spinachowitz, highest-paid fourth-assistant-cameraman in the world.

. . . He's come all the way from Poland to assist Maggi Maggi, the ravishing Italian photo-maestro, to shoot Superblisterstone's latest thriller *Smack It Again*.

Jaro (as I playfully call him) has just arrived in England. "I bring, too, my muzzer," he says. . . . And that's goody goody for us—because Ma Spinachowitz was for years the champion clout-caster of Przysml, and will now be continuity girl on *The Private Life of Emmanuel Kant*.

"I bring too my dotters," continues Jaro. . . . Goody goody again, boys and girls, because those eight pretty lassies are going to learn English and do a smashing song-and-dance act in *The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna*.

Now hang on for the big stuff. . . . Guggenheim McAndrew of Superblisterstone tells me that he hopes also to sign up Jaroslav's brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, mothers-in-law, and especially his great-grandmother, who as every granfan knows was Teheran's Own Prize Granny for six years in succession. . . . But that's not quite fixed yet. . . . Granny Spinachowitz insists on a starring part or nothing, while Guggy swears she's the ideal for second lead to Gloria Musquash in *Snake in the Grass*. . . . Well, good luck to them all, says your Toots. . . .

At crack o' dawn the other day I packed up my nightie and bumbled off to the Bullseye Studios at Worplesdon.

Oh my! What doings! . . . There was Bullseye's ace-director Juju Strumpf eating pumpernickel on the top of a huge chromium-plated tower overlooking the big finale set of *Solitude*, and cursing like the fine old trouper he is. . . .

As I wandered among the 80,000 artificial magnolia trees which had sprung up on the floor overnight I bumped into Archie Von Splitz, Bullseye's casting director. . . . And did he tell the tale. . . .?

. . . Seems that Strumpf wanted 10,000 extras for the scene, and there was poor Archie trying to find 10,000 foreigners out of work. . . . No good, of course, so the poor lad had to fall back on a crowd of British actors and actresses!!! . . . Was his face red. . . .?

. . . At any rate, there they all were, hanging from the magnolias disguised as bunches of grapes, while the pageant of Cuban Cuties thru the Ages passed in front of the critical eyes of Strumpf and his assistants.

. . . It's a big scene, this finale of *Solitude*—and if you've read the book, you'll know it's been pushed into the story willy-nilly. . . . but what of that?

George Flapp, idolised gurgling baritone, plays hero opposite Maisie McMudd. Maisie, you remember, made film history by wearing a dress of real peach-rinds in *Pride and Prejudice*.

SHORT SNIPS . . . Cocktails at the Monstrosity to meet Zaza de Trop and her Fifty Crooning Fiddlers . . . appearing shortly in Tetchicolour short . . . every fiddle to be painted same colour as fiddler's eyes . . . and what flashing eyes they have, those Bulgarian beauties! . . .

Honduras Melon forming new renting concern . . . to distribute Bullseye's "King and Country" series. . . . Melon's new Bugatti cost £4,000 . . . has just re-married brother's divorced wife for third time . . . honeymoon at Brighton to tie up with B.F. Conference. . . .

All the Street laughing over Ike Mauselbaum's new publicity stunt . . . tie-up with Bettabust Brassieres . . . appears that new Z.B.H. super features Lily Love as lingerie vampire in big store . . . so all Ike's staff wear Bettabust Brassieres under the waistcoat . . . Ike's are outsize . . . engraved on appropriate spot with Z.B.H. monogram. . . .

Maggot Films announce new super . . . Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial." . . . "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas Daguerre," says Helen Hitler, the adaptor.

For reasons of personal hygiene "Hotspot" de Tracy is severing his connection with Scram-films. . . .

STOP PRESS

Studios burnt out yesterday include Superblisterstone, Magnanimity, Scramfilms and Chas. W. Oxtong Productions. . . .

SECRETS OF NATURE

The press announces that film stars wear their own weight in greasepaint, powder and false eyelashes during a year's work. Karloff holds the record, having appeared with over 25 lbs. of muck on his face for a horror part. You could also, if you were a raving lunatic, make a life size model of Norma Shearer out of the amount of greasepaint she uses in a year, and still have 2 lbs. left over to fertilise the raspberry plot with.

It seems quite possible that film stars really have no faces at all, which is quite a comforting thought to go to bed with. (P.S. If all the false teeth in Hollywood were placed end to end one could drive rapidly over them in a steam-roller, and that, thank goodness, would be the end of the Talkies.)

WITHOUT COMMENT

"He achieved a triumph with the Charles Laughton film *Private Life of Henry VIII*, and followed this up with other successes—*The Scarlet Pimpernel*, H. G. Wells' *Things to Come* and another Wells' story, not yet publicly shown, *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*."—*Evening Paper.*

L O R U M



This month our aureole of birdseed is won hands down by the British Board of Film Censors for banning the word "Sissy" but permitting it to be cut down to "Sis" on existing sound-tracks.

* * *

THESE PRESS SHOW LUNCHEONS

Took a half hour off to meet Sam Splech this morning and a very good time I had. Plenty of drink flowing and a coupla cigars.

Thence I went to t Furst Nat., First Natiinl lUnchn ,which ws also very good and plenty to drkkk to drok,,,to drik. Got four cigarses and fore ciggers.,,

Leter Ken Maynard.. hic...hic...Splensh feller... luvlyhorsh...hic...hic.. 65j 84 ksm.((9 oh botjer.. hic)

Dave Robson says:—

"Necessity being the mother of invention, and anticipating a 'happy event,' I set to work on the application of sound for psychological treatment. First, I took recording apparatus to a maternity hospital and took a sound record in the babies' ward five minutes before feeding time, the continual screaming of sixty babies being faithfully recorded. Secondly, the record was played continuously throughout three nights at home, and on the third night I slept peacefully notwithstanding the infernal noise. The treatment complete, I put it to test during a night when my heir was suffering from a severe attack of the gripes and proceeded to yell his utmost. I heeded not, and slept soundly, awakening quite refreshed and ready for business as usual. But, there are surely many other such annoyances that could be effectively dispelled by the timely use of such sound.

"Would not a sound record of a pneumatic drill chorus reproduced in a dark reverberant enclosure continuously for a few hours remove for all time the hysteria that such noises create in neurotic patients, when only one drill is working?

"Would not a sound record of a dripping tap, a creaking door or even a gnat's buzz, or such like nerve-wreckers with which we are acquainted, prove themselves under such treatment a god-send?

"But, heaven help the recording engineer whose nerves require only the pacifying dead silence of night itself!"

Studio Costume Conference



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CHORUS - - - "ANYHOW IT'S ORIGINAL"

STUDIO JOLLITY

"Although Mr. Fairbanks is such a serious figure in British film production, visitors to the studio tell stories of the happy atmosphere that is produced 'on the floor' through his irrepressible spirits. They say that film-making looks like a jolly family game there, and that this apparent fooling of Mr. Fairbanks actually gets better results because everyone is working under pleasant conditions.

"He is a great practical joker, and every new visitor to his pictures must be prepared to go through some good-humoured ordeal—of which the star's electric chair (which gives a shock to the sitter) is not the least!"—*Evening Standard*.

What happy pictures this conjures up. . . . Miss Dietrich stuffing Von Sternberg's pants with nettles, Mr. Arliss making booby traps for the sound engineers, Mr. Pommer putting mice in the drawers of Mr. Korda's desk, and Jessie Matthews roguishly pouring iron filings into the camera before a take. Oh, Mabel, don't you wish you were in the movie business?

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. No. 1

Statement by a VERY HIGH Official of the Home Office on the subject of Sunday opening of cinemas:—

"You may say that the authorities, speaking generally, and without prejudice to the views of a substantial minority, are of the opinion, or at least might be or might have been of the opinion, that Sunday opening, in its present form, or in any form commensurate with Sunday opening as now conceived, or as it might be conceived at any time hereafter, would be welcomed if all exhibitors who now welcome it did not object to it."

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

"All hail, Max Schach! Hail to thee, Thane of Korda!"

* * *

LUCID INTERVAL

"STIX PIX CRIX ON DOWNBEAT"

(Headline in *Variety*.)

* * *

SNOOKS GREISER, "W.F.N.'s" fiendish lift-boy, who traps distinguished visitors between floors, alleges the following conversation with one A. Korda somewhere in the lift-shaft the other day:

Snooks. "So you're bringing the New York critics over here for the premiere of *Rembrandt*, are you?"

A. Korda. "Let me out! Let me out!"

Snooks. "It'd be easier to send *Rembrandt* over to the New York critics, wouldn't it?"

A. Korda. "Let me out! Let me out!"

Snooks. "But, of course, that way it would cost much less money, wouldn't it? . . . Third floor—babywear, snacks, rest-room, dental plates and World Film News."

* * *

USEFUL GIFTS

Victor McLaglen recently presented Freddie Bartholomew with a tear gas gun.

Well, Freddie dear, you know what you can do with it.

* * *

CAMERAMAN'S CORNER

The Wayside Pulpit announces:—

"A PINHOLE IN THE CAMERA WILL FOG THE FINEST PICTURE.

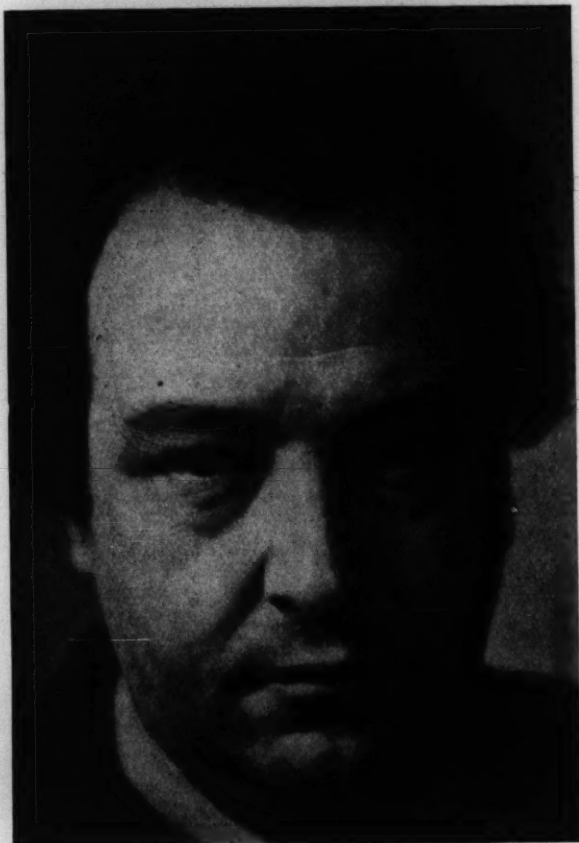
Watch for the little weakness."

French Composers work on Royalty System

by our Paris Correspondent

It is not generally known that very few composers get direct payment for writing music for French films. Both composer and publisher depend for their profits on royalties alone. Some of the results of this system are analysed in this article by our Paris correspondent.

IN MOST French productions the cost of the musical side is very low in proportion to the rest of the expenditure. It is seldom that the music



Honegger

(including orchestra and synchronisation) accounts for more than 1/150th of the total cost; whereas a fifth may go on actors and a twelfth on the scenario. A super production like Feyder's *Kermesse Heroique*, which runs into several million francs, only spends about 50,000 frs. on the music.

The main reasons for this state of affairs are first, that the music to a film is not purchased for a lump sum like the scenario or story rights, and second, that the whole system is based purely on royalties payable to the composer and publisher.

When sound first came in the producers used to make direct payments to the music publishers, and some of the larger houses tried to corner the whole film-music market. The establishment of the copyright system, however, soon changed all this, and nowadays all music is financed on the royalty basis.

The *Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique* takes a certain percentage of the grosses of all cinemas running the films concerned. This works out at between 2 and 3

per cent of the gross. The *Société*, after deducting 7½ per cent for expenses, then divides the remainder equally among the author, composer and publisher.

So eager are the publishers to get their royalties that they sometimes pay the producers. In fact, they more or less help to finance the film. They place at the producer's disposal not merely the composer and orchestra, but also the recording studio, entirely free of charge. Some even go as far as paying for the cost of the film for the recording!

In so doing they tend to overstep the mark, letting themselves in for an expenditure of some 30,000 francs without knowing how much their royalties are likely to be.

In general such rashness ends in disaster, as out of 200 films not more than two are likely to bring in as much as 40,000 francs royalties to the publisher. Most reasonable firms do not spend more than five or ten thousand francs on facilities to the producer.

In all these cases the composer works purely on a royalty basis, and receives no fees.

Real rackets spring up when composers turn publishers as well. They get two-thirds of the royalties instead of one-third and can therefore offer much stronger financial assistance to the producing firms. These firms sometimes give up part of their royalties in return for getting exclusive tie-ups for a series of films.

In some cases the composer himself has to help finance the film, and at least one well-known firm has been known to take 50 per cent of the composer's royalties. In this case the film went well, and he didn't lose out. But he was lucky.

One or two of the better-known composers are actually paid cash for their score. Honegger, for instance, is believed to get as much as 50,000 francs per film plus the royalties. He has written music for many notable films, including *Rapt*, *Cessez le Feu*, *L'Equipage*, *Crime et Chatiment*, and the Bartosch-Masereel cartoon *L'Idée*.

Other important composers writing for French films (most of them on the royalty basis) include Milhaud, who scored Renoir's *Madame Bovary* and Painlevé's *Sea Horses*, Jaubert, who wrote for the Vigo films and also did Clair's *14 Juillet*, Auric, another Clair composer in *A Nous la Liberté*, and Jacques Ibert, chiefly known for his work on Pabst's *Don Quixote*.

BRITTEN'S ANIMAL SYMPHONY

Benjamin Britten, well known for his musical scores for recent actuality films, is just completing his first major opus. This is a work for Soprano Solo and Orchestra. The words are taken from early anonymous poems about animals (including monkeys and rats), with a prologue and epilogue written by W. H. Auden. A hearing of the rough score on the piano indicates that this will be an important work. The first performance will be at the Norwich Festival at the end of September.

S. A. B.



Massine

BALLET FOOTNOTE

Last month's notes were too early to include the new de Basil ballet *Symphonie Fantastique*, which definitely puts a new complexion on the achievements of this company. It is probably Massine's finest work, partly, I think, because the Berlioz score provides a ready-made programme and is therefore much more suitable for the purpose than the Tchaikovsky and Brahms used for the earlier efforts in this brand of choreography.

A great many people have been misled by a certain superficial resemblance to the now popular Surrealist movement. This is probably due more to Berard's ingenious and macabre decor than to the choreographic design itself. Actually Massine has done no more than follow Berlioz's programme pretty closely, but he has done it with genius. The third (pastoral) movement is one of the best pieces of pure ballet I have yet seen, and contains a *pas de deux* of unparalleled excellence, danced by Verchinina and Zoritch.

MONTHLY COMPETITION

No. 2

A prize of One Guinea and a second prize of half-a-guinea is offered for the best list of five subjects which permit of treatment in any of the following styles;—

1. The dramatised documentary method of, say, *The Song of Ceylon*.
2. The dramatised journalism of *The March of Time*.
3. The realist method represented by *Men and Jobs* or *Louis Pasteur*.
4. The epic manner of *Rhodes of Africa*.

Subjects should deal with the present or the immediate past.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the competition in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to **Competitions, World Film News, Oxford House, Oxford Street, W.1**. Solutions must arrive by the first post on Monday, September 21st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym.

3. The Editors' decision is final. They reserve the right to print the whole or part of any entry sent in. MSS. cannot be returned. If no entries reach the required standard, no prize will be given.

Results of Competition No. 1 will be announced in our October issue.

FILM GUIDE

This guide publishes for each month the playing dates of selected films in central districts of London and the larger provincial towns. Readers will appreciate that this service is not an easy one to maintain. The indifference of some film companies to specialised films prevents this service from being as comprehensive and accurate as we would wish.

SHORTS

Coal Face

PRODUCTION: G.P.O. SOUND DIRECTION: Cavalcanti.
NEWCASTLE: Picture Drome
Gem
WIGTON: Palace

Sept. 14
Sept. 16
Sept. 24

Dragon of Wales

DIRECTION: W. B. Pollard. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
MANCHESTER: Queens
LONDON: Studio Two
Documentary Review of Welsh History.

Sept. 7-9
Sept. 7-9

Face of Britain Series

PRODUCTION: G.B.I. DISTRIBUTION: G.B.D.

Great Cargoes

LONDON: Everyman

Week commencing Sept. 7

Progress

LONDON: Everyman

Week commencing Aug. 31

BOURNEMOUTH: News Theatre

Sept. 21, 3 days

Study of developing communications.

This Was England

PORTSLADE: Rothbury

Sept. 10, 3 days

Face of Britain

BOURNEMOUTH: News Theatre

Sept. 7, 3 days

PORTSLADE: Rothbury

Sept. 17, 3 days

SEAFORD: Empire

Sept. 17, 3 days

Citizens of the Future

BOURNEMOUTH: News Theatre

Sept. 14, 3 days

EDINBURGH: Monseigneur

Sept. 3, 3 days

Gentlemen in Top Hats and Gentlemen in Crowns

PRODUCTION: A. B. Svensk Filmindustri. ENGLISH PREPARATION: D. F. Taylor. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

MORECAMBE: Astoria

Sept. 6, 7 days

NEWCASTLE: News Theatre

Sept. 7, 6 days

WAKEFIELD: Playhouse

Sept. 7, 3 days

CHESTER: Tatler

Sept. 7, 6 days

EXETER: Palladium

Sept. 14, 3 days

MANCHESTER: Lido, Burnage

Sept. 21, 6 days

Night Mail

PRODUCTION: G.P.O. Unit. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

KIRKCALDY: Opera House

Sept. 10

FALKIRK: Picture House

Sept. 17

STIRLING: Regal

Sept. 24

DUMBARTON: Rialto

Sept. 3

GLASGOW: Princes

Sept. 14

ST. ANDREWS: New

Sept. 14

EDINBURGH: Ritz

Sept. 24

Lyceum

Sept. 24

LEEDS: Lyceum

Sept. 7

BIRMINGHAM: Broadway

Sept. 14

NEWCASTLE: Grainger

Sept. 14

Haymarket

Sept. 14

Gem

Sept. 28

LONDON: Studio Two

Sept. 21

SHORTS

Granton Trawler

EDITING: Edgar Anstey. CAMERA: John Grierson. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
NORTON: Cinema

Sept. 10

Sardinia

DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

WAKEFIELD: Empire

Aug. 31, 6 days

LIVERPOOL: Magnet

Sept. 7, 3 days

WORCESTER: Odeon

Sept. 14, 6 days

BLACKBURN: New Central

Sept. 21, 3 days

NORTHAMPTON: Savoy

Sept. 21, 6 days

MANCHESTER: Tatler

Sept. 28, 6 days

Sicily

DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

SOUTHSEA: Plaza

Aug. 30, 7 days

PORTSMOUTH: Regent

Aug. 30, 7 days

BATLEY: Empire

Sept. 10, 3 days

NORTH SHIELDS

Sept. 21, 6 days

Seventh Day

DIRECTION: A. P. Barralet. DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

LIVERPOOL: Empress

Aug. 31-Sept. 5

Beresford

Sept. 3-5

LONDON: Studio Two

Sept. 10-12

Picture House, Maida Vale

Sept. 14-20

MANCHESTER: Tatler

Sept. 21-26

6.30 Collection

DIRECTION: Anstey - Watt. PRODUCTION: John Grierson, G.P.O. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD: Scala

Sept. 28

BARNET: Odeon

Sept. 5

Secrets of Life Series

EDITING: Mary Field. TECHNICAL SUPERVISION: Percy Smith. PRODUCTION: G.B.I. DISTRIBUTION: G.B.D.

LONDON: Everyman

Hedgerows

Week commencing Aug. 31

Queer Diet

Week commencing Sept. 7

Thistledown

EDINBURGH: Kings

Sept. 21, 3 days

He Would a Wooing Go

EDINBURGH: Kings

Sept. 24, 3 days

Wake Up and Feed

PORTSMOUTH: Cinenews

Sept. 17, 3/4 days

Home from South

PORTSMOUTH: Cinenews

Sept. 24, 3/4 days

Imaginative depiction of natural processes.

Song of Ceylon

DIRECTION: Basil Wright. PRODUCTION: John Grierson. DISTRIBUTION: Denning.

KETTERING: Coliseum

Sept. 3-5

CHESTER: Tatler

Sept. 14-19

LONDON: World News Theatre, Praed Street

Sept. 14-20

FILM GUIDE (continued)

SHORTS

Under the Water

DISTRIBUTION: Denning.

ALFRETON: Royal

BLACKBURN: New Central

Sept. 14-16

Sept. 24-26

Weather Forecast

PRODUCTION: John Grierson. G.P.O. DIRECTION: Evelyn Spice. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

MOFFAT: Baths Hall

BLACKPOOL: Imperial

Sept. 17

Sept. 20

Windmill in Barbados

PRODUCTION: E.M.B. DIRECTOR: Wright. DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

LONDON: Everyman

ASHBOURNE: Elite

Sept. 5

Sept. 28

March of Time: 2nd Year, Issue No. 1

PRODUCTION: Proprietors of "Time." DISTRIBUTION: Radio.

LONDON: Monseigneur, Strand

Sphere

Chequers, St. Albans

New Park, Shepherds Bush

Everyman

Tivoli, Clacton

GLASGOW: Lyceum, Govan

Lorne, Ibrox

Grosvenor, Hillhead

Orient

Star, Maryhill

ABERDEEN: Astoria

Cinema House

DUBLIN: Grand Central

LEEDS: Tower

Dominion

Shaftesbury

LIVERPOOL: Gem, Popular and Coliseum

BRADFORD: Grange

Tennyson

Park

BIRMINGHAM: New Court

DUNDEE: Playhouse

BLACKPOOL: Palladium

Sept. 3, 4 days

Sept. 3, 4 days

Sept. 7, 4 days

Sept. 21, 3 days

Sept. 28, 6 days

Sept. 28, 6 days

Sept. 3, 3 days

Sept. 3, 3 days

Sept. 7, 6 days

Sept. 7, 3 days

Sept. 21, 3 days

Sept. 7, 6 days

Sept. 24, 3 days

Aug. 30, 7 days

Sept. 10, 3 days

Sept. 21, 3 days

Sept. 24, 3 days

Sept. 7, 6 days

Sept. 14, 3 days

Sept. 21, 3 days

Sept. 24, 3 days

Sept. 28, 3 days

Sept. 14, 6 days

Sept. 6, 7 days

ADVERTISING SHORTS

Birth of the Robot (Coloured Puppet Film)

DIRECTION: Humphrey Jennings and Len Lye. PRODUCTION: Gaspar-colour, for Shell.

MANCHESTER: Devonshire

COVENTRY: Astoria

TORQUAY: Electric

BIRMINGHAM: Kingsway

LEICESTER: Coliseum

HUDDERSFIELD: Tudor Super

OBAN: Playhouse

ABERDEEN: Palace

Week beginning Sept. 7

Sept. 7

Sept. 7

Sept. 14

Sept. 14

Sept. 21

Sept. 7

Sept. 21

FILM SOCIETIES

CATHOLIC FILM SOCIETY

At Millicent Fawcett Hall, Tufton Street, Westminster, at 8 p.m. on September 2nd, Rev. Dom W. Upson to give a Film Lecture: "A Parish Priest and his Cine Camera," followed by show of Catholic films.

Tickets 1s. 6d., 1s.

Particulars of the C.F.S. projection unit's services may be had from the Hon. Sec., 36 Great Smith Street, S.W.1. Autumn and Winter term schools displays are already being booked.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD WORKERS

First show is on Sunday, September 20th: "Peace of Britain," "The Filter," "Housing Problems," "Ship of the Ether," Jazz Comedy" will be shown. October 18th: "Birth of the Robot," "World War and After," "Joie de Vivre," "Blow, Bugles, Blow" (Subject to Watch Committee's approval).

TIP OF THE MONTH

Green Pastures

From the play by Marc Connelly. Warner Brothers.

We regret that we are unable to give particulars of bookings on this film, as it is "under consideration of the Censors."

FOREIGN FILMS

De Kribbebijter (First Dutch Comedy)

DIRECTION: Herman Kosterlitz, Ernst Winar. PRODUCTION: Holfi.

STARRING: August Kiehl.

LONDON: Academy

Aug. 31

Sylvia und Ihr Chauffeur (German)

STARRING: Olga Tschechowa

To follow De Kribbebijter

En Natt (Dutch)

STARRING: Bjorn Berglund.

LONDON: Studio One

Aug. 30-Sept. 3

Marchand D'Amour (French)

DIRECTION: Edmund Greville. STARRING: Jean Galland, Francoise Rosay.

LONDON: Studio One

Sept. 4

Maria Bashkirtseff

STARRING: Lilli Darvas, Hans Jaray.

LONDON: Studio One

Sept. 25

Bed and Sofa (Russian).

PRODUCTION: Sovkine. DIRECTION: Alexander Room. RENTERS: Progressive Film Institute.

LONDON: Forum

Still running

FEATURE FILMS

Turn of the Tide

CROYDON: Odeon

Sept. 6, 1 day

HAMPSTEAD: Everyman

Sept. 7, 7 days

WEALDSTONE: Coronet

Sept. 28, 3 days

Modern Times

PRODUCTION: Chaplin. DIRECTION: Chaplin. STORY: Chaplin. MUSIC: Chaplin. STARRING: Chaplin.

EDINBURGH: New Victoria

Sept. 7

Rutland

Sept. 7

Picture House

Sept. 14

St. Andrew's Square

Sept. 21

NEWCASTLE: Queens

Sept. 7

Westgate

Sept. 21

Pavilion

Sept. 28

GLASGOW: Picture House

Sept. 7

MANCHESTER: Piccadilly

Sept. 14

Regal

Sept. 28

BIRMINGHAM: Gaumont Palace

Sept. 21

SOUTHAMPTON: Regal

Sept. 14

Pavilion

Sept. 28

Marx Brothers Repertory Season

LONDON: Everyman

"Animal Crackers"

Sept. 14

"Monkey Business"

Sept. 17

"Horse Feathers"

Sept. 21

"Duck Soup"

Sept. 24

LEICESTER

Monthly exhibitions will begin on Saturday October 24th. There will be two shows, at 6 and 8.30 p.m. Among the films to be shown in the coming season will be "Crime et Chatiment," "Die Ewige Maske," "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Day of the Great Adventure," "De Kribbebijter," "Merlusse," "Ivan," "Pescados," "Liebes Melodie," "Bonne Chance," "Aero Grad." These bookings are provisional and the exact dates for showing have not yet been fixed.

During the month of September most film societies will have completed their plans for the coming season and W.F.N. will be able to publish fuller and more exact information about their programmes in the October issue.